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If 15 justices have permitted the Brown case to stand—as is affirmed by the Attorney General—doubtless 50 judges had reaffirmed *Plessy versus Ferguson* and *Gong Lum versus Rice*. Yet when the Solicitor General of the United States joined in a brief to have these cases overruled, he was not accused by the Attorney General of the United States—or any other lawyer, so far as I know—of being guilty of bad faith, of being professionally irresponsible and of victimizing or exploiting his client.

## SIT-INS VERSUS THE COURTS

The Attorney General would further have us believe that the reason for demonstrations and sit-ins by Negroes today is the lack of remedy in the courts. Yet he argues that Negroes will ultimately prevail in the courts because the Brown decision covers all of their grievances.

On the other hand, he does not mention that those who oppose many of the aims of Negro leaders have refrained from marches and demonstrations and have put their faith in the courts, hoping that, in the long run, justice for all will prevail. The Attorney General slanders them for so doing. To use the streets in mass demonstrations which, in the words of President Kennedy, "create tensions, and threaten violence—and threaten lives" is laudable. To settle disputes in the courts is to be condemned.

A new type of government is emerging upon the American scene—"government by intimidation" is now about to take the place of "due process of law" and "liberty under the law."

The first step in the pattern is to intimidate all those who oppose the desires of the Federal executive branch of our Government. This intimidation is carried out by public castigation, threats of financial reprisals against public bodies and individuals, and the misuse of the power of the Federal executive branch to command the attention of the public press.

The second step is to extend Federal control over individuals, businesses, and State and local governments far beyond that provided in the Constitution of the United States. This was begun by the issuance of Executive orders in certain particular fields. A limitless expansion of such Executive authority is now being attempted by the new package of legislation introduced in the Congress in June and called, for tactical and public relations purposes, "The Civil Rights Act of 1963."

The third step will be the use of the vast financial power of the United States to strangle every public body, every business, and professional establishment, and every individual daring to act contrary to the wishes of Attorney General Kennedy and the threat of the imposition of Federal fines and imprisonment without trial by jury.

The initial use of the first step in the pattern was in April 1962, when a steel-price increase was announced. The citizens who made the price decisions were accused by the President through nationwide media of being guilty of a wholly unjustified and irresponsible defiance of public interest. He castigated them as a tiny handful of steel executives whose pursuit of private power and profit exceeds their sense of public responsibility, who can show such utter contempt for the interest of 185 million Americans. It was publicly announced that defense contracts might be withheld and that the Federal Government might use its investigative powers to bring about prosecutions for violations of antitrust laws.

Intimidation as a governmental policy has been repeatedly used since that time. The speech of Attorney General Kennedy at Kansas City is a perfect illustration. I have been actively opposing throughout the United States the grasp for Federal power

in the Civil Rights Act of 1963 and am doing so at the present time. The others mentioned have opposed the Attorney General. Hence we must be intimidated or defamed.

Why is this legislation so important to the Attorney General? It would grant unlimited powers to the Attorney General and the President and his appointees to withhold Federal funds in every program or activity in which Federal financing is involved directly or indirectly by way of grant, contract, loan, insurance, guaranty, or otherwise.

The authority is demanded that all contracts in every program shall contain such conditions as the President may prescribe; that there be created a commission—with powers conferred upon it by the President—to take over the supervision of employment, promotion, demotion, and handling of employees of more than 90 percent of the businesses in the United States.

## PURPOSE OF LEGISLATION: DISGUISED

The purpose of this legislation has been disguised by repeated references to public accommodations and Government contractors. These constitute less than 1 percent of the businesses affected. In fact, it would affect every bank which is a member of the Federal Reserve System or insured by the FDIC (Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation), every form of financing affected by Federal insurance or guaranty, all depositors in every bank covered by the FDIC, and all borrowers therefrom. It would draw under Federal executive control almost every farmer in the United States, as it includes every person who receives any sort of financial benefit from every Federal program in the field of agriculture. It would also draw under Federal control practically every retail shop, department store, market, drugstore, gasoline station, restaurant, motion picture house, theater, stadium, hotel, motel and lodging house and in fact every establishment which pays any privilege license or tax to any State or municipality.

It includes uncontrolled authority to call loans, withdraw support of the FDIC and the Federal Reserve Board, and other similar entities, to cancel contracts, to blacklist banks, savings and loan associations, contractors, realtors, farmers, cooperatives, farm organizations, or any other institution or person falling within its classification.

## HOW ELECTIONS COULD BE CONTROLLED

Under this proposed act, the Federal Government would obtain control of education through the misuse of every existing Federal financial program, including grants-in-aid, research grants, lunch programs, scholarships, and similar activities. Also, it would constitute the first step toward placing all elections—"general, special or primary elections held solely or in part for the purpose of electing or selecting any candidate for public office"—under the absolute control of the Federal Government.

## THE NATIONAL CULTURAL CENTER

Mr. KEATING. Mr. President, one of the most exciting ventures now going on in this country is the effort of the American people to raise \$30 million for the construction of the National Cultural Center. We all look forward to the day when our Nation's Capital will have facilities for the presentation of performers from this country and abroad. On that day, all Americans will rejoice in their cultural showcase and take pride in the fact that the construction was made possible by private contributions.

Today we are particularly indebted to those public-spirited citizens and orga-

nizations who are devoting their time and energy in alerting the entire country to the dream of the National Cultural Center and the need for contributions to make this dream a reality. I ask unanimous consent to have printed following my remarks in the RECORD a speech by Edgar M. Bronfman, Chairman of the Seat Endowment Committee of the National Cultural Center, before the American Legion National Convention at Miami Beach, Fla., on September 10, 1963, and a resolution passed by the American Legion in support of the National Cultural Center.

There being no objection, the speech and resolution were ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

CULTURE AND THE STRUGGLE FOR MEN'S MINDS, BY EDGAR M. BRONFMAN, MEMBER OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL CULTURAL CENTER BEFORE THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL CONVENTION, MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

Mr. National Commander, your eminence, Cardinal Spellman, Governor Bryant and other distinguished guests and delegates to the convention, Mr. Commander, may I first express my gratitude to you and to the officers and members of the American Legion on behalf of the trustees of the National Cultural Center for the opportunity to appear before you to enlist your support for this great national project.

In this area of continued international tension and crisis between the forces of communism and of freedom, we all must address ourselves to the important responsibility that rests heavily on the shoulders of all Americans. For, as we go, so goes the free world.

This era of tension and crisis has been called the cold war. Actually, this is an oversimplification. It is really many cold wars—military, economic, social, political, and cultural.

While we are busy concentrating on the first four cold wars, and rightly so, we are in grave danger of losing the last—the cultural cold war.

An indication of its importance is revealed in the hearings going on this very week in Washington before a House Foreign Affairs Subcommittee studying ways of winning the cultural cold war.

Now, at first glance, it is hard to see music, ballet, opera, and drama as effective weapons in the battle between the operating ideologies of communism and the free world. Let me assure you that these are weapons, and mighty potent ones. The Soviets and their satellites are using them for all their worth.

We are familiar with the tremendous receptions that the Bolshoi Ballet and other Soviet performing artists have received throughout the world. Why do they put so much effort behind culture? The answer is rather simple. Culture is the only international language. It is understood by all people, everywhere.

In the battle for men's minds, now going on, this international language plays a vital role. As an example, just consider the statement that Prime Minister Nehru of India once made to Martha Graham, leading American dancer. He said to Miss Graham, "Your dancing and artistry will do more than all the planes and dollars in gaining understanding of the United States in India."

While American artists have gone abroad and made a creditable showing on behalf of our country, there still is much to be done. For instance, whereas many of the world's leading nations have national theaters and halls in their capitals which serve as show-

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cases for the performing arts, our Capital, Washington, D.C., has nothing comparable.

To show how seriously the Communists take this fifth dimension of the cold war, even in economically hoveled Poland recently, a \$40 million cultural center was proudly unveiled.

It was in such a showcase in Moscow that a talented Texan, Van Cliburn, was first discovered. I'm sure that every American was very proud of his feat. But, didn't we all wince a bit at the thought that he had to go so far from his native land for recognition as an artist; that the Soviet Union, in particular, discovered this talented young American musician. Too many American artists must go abroad for such recognition.

Also, the lack of proper facilities in our Capital has created an erroneous and damaging impression of this country and the fine values for which it stands. When our Nation's seat of government was being planned, George Washington dreamed of it as a cultural as well as a political center of our growing Nation.

But, it wasn't until 1958, when President Eisenhower signed the act establishing a National Cultural Center that this dream began to become reality. In signing the act, President Eisenhower eloquently expressed his hope of one day seeing an American "Mecca, where all could see what America is really capable of showing—not only in her factories, in her productivity, in her great strength, wealth, prosperity—but what she could show in the arts and in those things that appeal to all that is spiritual and esthetic in the senses of man."

President Kennedy in lending his support to the National Cultural Center said: "There has been a growing awareness that the United States will be judged—and its place in history ultimately assessed—not alone by its military or economic power, but by the quality of its civilization."

The Center is nonpartisan, nonpolitical—it is for all Americans.

I am proud and pleased to be a member of the Center's board of trustees, which includes many leading Americans from all walks of life. Therefore, I can speak from firsthand knowledge of the great effort being put behind it.

Congress has provided the land for the Center. However, the buildings will be paid for by all the American people at an estimated cost of \$30 million.

The National Cultural Center will contain three separate performing halls—a symphony hall, a theater and an auditorium for opera, ballet and musical comedy. And there will be ample room for future expansion. Here, our country's most outstanding performers will display their talents. Here, celebrated artists from abroad will find the appropriate setting to perform in the Nation's Capital. Here, also, the most promising of our young artists will get the chance for recognition by the American public.

I would like to emphasize the last point. There will be talent competitions in every State. The best talent from the farthest corners of our Nation will be given the opportunity to appear at the National Cultural Center. Radio and television programs will be broadcast from the Center throughout the country. The potential audience of the National Cultural Center is really 180 million Americans. And, as time goes by, quite likely, most of the rest of the world.

All it needs—is to be built. That takes money—\$30 million. I'm asking you Legionnaires and all Legion poets throughout the country for your enthusiastic support of this vital idea—the National Cultural Center.

Because you are keenly aware that we must win the cold war on all fronts. Because you are such a strong force of national leadership and in your communities—you can help make the National Cultural Center a living reality, a symbol of our Nation's

tion to uphold freedom and the total dignity of man.

Here's how you can help. Collectively, the Center will have 8,450 seats, each to be endowed by a gift of \$1,000. On the back of each seat, the donor's name will be emblazoned forever. Can you imagine an entire area of American Legion post seats as a symbol of their dedication to winning the struggle for men's minds?

Your contributions would be further expression of the American people's determination to win the cold war on every single front where it is joined.

When the Communists opened the cultural cold war, they thought that they were playing to our weakness. You and I know this is not true. It is up to all of us here and throughout the country to help meet this challenge by supporting with all our hearts the National Cultural Center.

#### NATIONAL CULTURAL CENTER, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Whereas the Congress of the United States has recognized the need for a National Cultural Center; and

Whereas by act of Congress, our Government agreed to provide a suitable site for such an establishment in the Nation's Capital; and

Whereas this act of Congress authorized a nationwide campaign to give all Americans, individually or in organizations, an opportunity to share in the establishment of this cultural showcase; and

Whereas in keeping with the spirit and intent of this act, the President of the United States and Commander in Chief of our armed services, has urged participation in and support of this effort; and

Whereas the Washington Area Committee for the National Cultural Center has invited the cooperation of veterans organizations in the District of Columbia and neighboring Maryland and Virginia, as representative of the 22 million men and women now living who have served in the military and naval forces of our country; and

Whereas members of the Department of the District of Columbia, American Legion, are cognizant of the need for the facilities and services which the National Cultural Center will provide in the Nation's Capital, and are desirous of lending support to any patriotic effort to enhance the strength and prestige of our country, culturally as well as militarily; now, therefore, be it

*Resolved, by the American Legion in national convention assembled in Miami Beach, Fla., September 10-12, 1963.* That every effort be made to make this National Cultural Center a reality and that copies of this resolution be forwarded to interested parties and that appropriate steps be taken to bring the National Cultural Center into being.

#### VIETNAM MUST CHANGE OR FORFEIT AID

(At this point Mr. WALTERS took the chair.)

Mr. HARTKE. Mr. President, once more, for the sixth time, a Buddhist monk has voiced protest of oppression by the regime of Ngo Dinh Diem in South Vietnam in the most drastic manner possible, by becoming a flaming torch in suicide. No one can deny the depth of conviction which has driven desperate people to such terrible acts in order to draw the world's attention to their plight. These are acts of desperation, and we must face up to the fact that our own position in Vietnam is becoming desperate, too.

For despite the charms and blandishments of Madam Nhu on American tele-

can only be described as an oppressive dictatorship in fact if not in name. Madam Nhu herself is quoted in a recent Saturday Evening Post article—placed in the Record by the senior Senator from Idaho [Mr. CHURCH] on September 26—as having said:

All the Buddhists have done for this country is to barbecue a monk.

And she has advocated beating the Buddhists "10 times more."

As "strong man" of the regime, Madam Nhu's husband has recently, since the start of the Buddhist protests, brought the "Special Forces" battalions in Saigon up to some 1,200 men. Their commander, with personal loyalty to Nhu, is a former counterespionage chief. His units include "two groups dressed in civilian clothes, armed with knives, pistols, and grenades for street fighting," according to Stanley Karnow, author of the Post article.

These are only a part of the 7,000 troops stationed in or near the capital, far from the fighting against the Vietcong, troops that have been used in the mass attack of August 21 on Buddhist temples, against demonstrations by the people, against even high school students, who have been arrested by the hundreds. Students, because of their opposition to the regime, are being inducted into the army if they are over 20 years old; if younger, they are being rounded up and sent to "reeducation centers," another name for detention or concentration camps.

The pattern is familiar—the "elite" forces reminiscent of Nazi storm troopers, the intolerance of any word of criticism, the use of a proclaimed Communist threat as an excuse for Fascist methods. Mr. President, this regime does not represent the people of Vietnam and does not care about the people.

Dr. Erich Wulff, a German psychiatrist who was in Vietnam to establish a new psychiatric program at the University of Hue, was an eyewitness of the May 8 attack by armored cars with 37-millimeter guns, in which shots were fired into a crowd assembled at the radio station to hear an address by a Buddhist leader who had been banned from the air. Dr. Wulff was a speaker last week at a luncheon in Washington attended by several members of Senate office staffs. He showed photographs of the bodies, mangled and bloody, of some of the seven children and one woman who were killed in that unprovoked assault on defenseless people.

Mr. President, those armored cars bore the insignia of U.S. aid, clasped hands under stars on a blue field with the red stripes of a shield below. The common people of Vietnam may not be able to read, but they can understand those signs. They do not know that those machines, and the trucks which carry students away to arrest, have gone out of our control into the hands of the dynastic Ngo Dinh family's minions. To them, this is the sign of the United States. We are accomplices in repression, tearing down the very democracy that we profess, by our aid, to be building up. This abuse of our aid must be stopped, and stopped without delay.

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Dr. Wulff further observes, in an article which Senator CHURCH inserted in the RECORD on September 11, that there is disillusionment and discontent among even the regular army officers, who are being distracted by the country's internal condition from their task of fighting the Communists of Ho Chi Minh. He quotes a young captain as saying:

Just what are we fighting for anyway? For Diem and his family? If the physical and spiritual terror here gets much worse, there will be nothing to choose between us and the North.

Dr. Wulff continues:

His opinion is shared by many younger officers of the middle grades. As for the recruits, I myself saw 10 truckloads of troops, sent out against a crowd of students in Hue, signaling encouragement to them. The regime stabilized the situation in Hue only by flying in military police from Danang and part of the presidential guard from Saigon. In critical situations the government can apparently rely only on special troops.

Mr. President, those special troops—the 1,200-man force of Colonel Tung—according to uncontradicted reports are receiving pay of \$250,000 per month—\$3 million a year—from our own Government. Why, I ask? We must withdraw from any degree of complicity in anti-democratic tyranny of this sort.

Even Madame Nhu's own father, the resigned Ambassador to the United States, said in an interview only the past Sunday that Diem and his family—have become the strongest roadblock to victory because they have misused American aid to suppress their own people instead of using the aid to unite the people in the fight against the Communists.

In his remarks this week, Dr. Wulff, a dedicated medical man, not a politician, but a civilian observer who happened to be on the scene, related that he had seen in the course of his duties in Hue about 50 political prisoners, of whom there are reportedly at least 30,000 today, including hundreds of Buddhists priests and students whose crime was making honest protest. Of the 50, Dr. Wulff found only 2 who were Communist guerrillas. Others were peasants who had made political remarks about leaders in their own areas. Some had been in prison for 1 to 2 years, without even knowing why.

The most severe local oppression occurs in the inland areas, out of sight of the Americans in Saigon. The result is that most of those who are sympathizers with the Vietcong, who have been brought into cooperating with them in the Mekong Delta and elsewhere, are not Communists. Communists have increased their hard-core regulars from 18,000 to more than 25,000 in the past year. And they are gaining their converts, not by the attractiveness of their program, but by the hatred of oppressed people for their own corrupted and tyrannical government—a government which we are continuing to keep in power.

"Saigon is now a city of suspicion," says a former high officer of the Diem regime, the holder of a Columbia University doctorate in political science, a man who resigned his post in protest

against the Buddhist oppression. He added:

Modest houses of American officials are under surveillance. Telephone lines are tapped. The Times of Vietnam daily accuses the United States of being "imperialistic" or worse.

This paper, incidentally, is the one which reputedly serves as the mouthpiece for Madame Nhu and her husband.

Our own Nation has become involved with the affairs of this country on the other side of the world because we stand for freedom and for the rights of people. We sent our aid there to help the people, not to help Diem maintain power by disregarding scheduled elections and turning his presidency into a tyrannical dictatorship. Yet the picture I have painted is one which shows us to his own oppressed people as an accomplice in oppression. Our 15,000 troops there, our 100 dead, our \$500 million in aid this year—\$1½ million a day—were not intended for these antidemocratic purposes. This great effort is being diverted to dictatorial disregard of the people. The fight against the Vietcong is halfhearted. The image of the United States is being trampled in the mud within view of the whole of southeast Asia, not to mention the rest of the world.

Mr. President, I wish to paint you another picture of American aid in that part of the world. I want to tell you the story of a common, ordinary Indiana dirt farmer, from Steuben County, who has been pouring out his life, and even \$7,000 of his own funds, for the past 3 years in warm, human aid to needy people far up in the frontier area of Laos. It is the story of a man who has become a legend among the Meo tribesmen, a man who has lived peaceably on the frontier where territory has changed hands to the Communists and back again, who has had to jump up from sleep at a sudden warning and plunge into the jungle five times in 1 year to escape Communist guerrillas, a man who has for many months had a price of \$25,000 on his head, offered by the Pathet Lao, and yet who has won the love of the primitive people he serves, so that he is in no danger of being turned in for that most tempting reward.

That man is Edgar Buell, known as "Pop" Buell, or to the natives as "Tan Pop." In Meo "Tan" means "Mister," and "Pop" means "sent from above."

At 50, "Pop" Buell is an old man by native standards in a land where 35 is a ripe age to attain. He has been in Laos since June 1960—at first as a \$60-a-month volunteer with the International Voluntary Service; but now he is with our Government's Agency for International Development. He has just been home to Indiana, where his father has been seriously ill. He also reported in Washington. He returned to Laos just the other day.

I cite "Tan Pop," or Edgar Buell, as an inspiring example of the kind of aid we really should be emphasizing—the same sort of thing we are doing with the Peace Corps and through the Alliance for Progress, the kind of activity which does not feed communism by turning people

munism because they find ours the better way. But it takes a different point of view from that of the military leadership which sees the whole struggle in terms of armored cars, machineguns, and snipers.

Edgar Buell speaks Meo, Lao, and Thai. Ninety percent of his time has been spent behind enemy lines, helping the wandering bands of tribesmen to find new village sites, to organize air drops of rice and other essentials, to bring them seeds, and help them raise crops under the nose of the enemy. Sometimes walking for days, sometimes flying in tiny planes, he has organized and personally kept going a \$1,500,000 relief program for the Meo tribesmen in the midst of the Communists—a total figure, let it be noted, amounting to no more than 1 day's cost of our aid to Vietnam. He has started 29 schools for these people where there were none before. Although without medical training himself, he has delivered some 30 babies, and has given practical medical treatment to hundreds. He has brightened the lives of thousands of children with gifts of candy; and soon he will be receiving shipments—which will total 25,000 rubber balls and 50,000 balloons—being made for him voluntarily by rubber workers in a Sandusky, Ohio, union who are giving up their coffee breaks to do the job with company cooperation. His work in the Rural Development Branch of AID has been vital to the lives of the 50,000 to 60,000 Meo tribesmen who have been driven from their mountain homes by Communist Pathet Lao soldiers.

But, rather than tell more about this man, I ask unanimous consent to have printed in the RECORD, at the end of my remarks, an article about him. It is entitled "An American Hero," and was published last year in the Saturday Evening Post, and has been reprinted by AID.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

(See exhibit 1.)

Mr. HARTKE. Mr. President, here is a contrast which is running through our divided policy in many parts of the world—military support to prop up tyrannical dictatorships, nullifying the good we are doing through AID, the Alliance for Progress, the Peace Corps, and our assistance to United Nations agencies for people. On the one hand, we present our true face as humanitarians; on the other side, we show the U.S. insignia on the vehicle of oppression against Buddhists and students. In Latin America, we stand idly by, for lack of a positive policy, and watch military juntas take over the Dominican Republic, Honduras, and other democratic states, through dictatorial methods. Then we recognize the dictators, and we are once more in collaboration with the very thing we say we are fighting.

This inconsistency in foreign policy must stop. On Friday, I issued a statement on the Latin American situation. In it, I said:

Withholding of aid funds and expressing diplomatic displeasure are not enough.

A hemispheric police force under the direction of the Organization of American States must be set up. The President should send his delegates to take the lead in

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the setting up of such a force, which should be equipped to move rapidly to protect popular, democratic governments against military takeovers.

In short, we must do more than talk. This is precisely the case in Vietnam. We have talked, but we have not acted. We have said to Madame Nhu, to President Diem, and to their cohorts, "If you are not good children, we may take away your candy." But like the indulgent parent whose child knows the talk is only threat, and who can therefore get away with any degree of bad behavior, we get the answer, "All right, I'll be good"—but with action quite the opposite. We have come to be known as a paper tiger, and the teeth of a paper tiger never bit anyone. It is time we not only bared our teeth, but used them.

I am one of the cosponsors of the resolution of the Senator from Idaho [Mr. CHURCH], Senate Resolution 196, now before the Committee on Foreign Relations. That resolution declares:

It is the sense of the Senate that unless the Government of South Vietnam abandons policies of repression against its own people and makes a determined and effective effort to regain their support, military and economic assistance to that Government should not be continued.

We desperately need foreign aid of the kind typified by the man whom the natives call Tan Pop, "Mr. Sent From Above"; but we need just as desperately to stop tearing down all the good we do with these programs and people by supporting governments which oppress their own ordinary citizens.

The Vietnam resolution needs not only to be passed, it also needs to be implemented in the foreign policy of our Nation, with firmness and with the kind of discipline which alone prevents juvenile delinquency. If the Diem regime will not use our money for promotion of democratic ends, why should we continue to coddle its leaders as we are doing? We started out in Vietnam to put down the threat of communism; but what good will it do to eliminate communism, only to replace it with repressive dictatorship?

The time has come to give the paper tiger some teeth. We have the ability and the power to withdraw at least a portion of our aid, in order to help persuade Diem and Madame Nhu and their Government to commence to toe the democratic line, for the welfare of all their people. We need action, not just threats. Let us withdraw, or perhaps place in escrow, depending upon a change for the better, at least a portion of our aid, perhaps 20 percent. If we are to be the adoptive uncle to Vietnam or to any other country, let us exert our right to discipline. That is the only way we can perform our true function for democracy in the world.

## EXHIBIT 1

AN AMERICAN HERO—THE EXCLUSIVE STORY OF HOW AN AMERICAN FARMER HAS DEVOTED HIS LIFE TO A ONE-MAN CRUSADE FOR FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY IN WAR-TORN, COMMUNIST-INFILTRATED LAOS

(By Don A. Schanche)

## PART I

Edgar Buell was squatting, native style, on a dusty path which bordered a worked-out opium field high in the

ern Laos. He is a little runt of a man, and except for his thinning hair and heavy-rimmed spectacles you could mistake him for one of the 200,000 Meo tribesmen who inhabit those jungle-sheathed mountains. His skin is weathered from a lifetime on an Indiana farm and darkened from 2 years of baking in the tropical sunshine of Laos. His khaki trousers were spotted with the dirt of daylong hikes up mountain trails to the Meo villages we had visited that week, and he was shirtless, warming his bared torso in the afternoon sun.

Buell was discussing the economics of opium with two Meo village leaders, who listened attentively, almost rapturously. He spoke in a mixed vocabulary of tribal Meo and Lao, the national language of Laos. If you listened closely, you could almost hear northern Indiana colloquialisms buried in the strange monosyllabic words.

Opium, the only exportable cash crop raised in Laos, is a poor crop for the Meo, Buell explained. Harvesting it is hard, painstaking work. Even though the Meo grow the best opium in the world, the farmer's reward for the stuff is abysmally low; a batch that might sell for \$100,000 if smuggled into New York brings the Meo farmer about \$1. In Buell's easygoing but forthright lecture to the tribesmen, there was no hint of moral considerations. The evils of opium's misuse in a civilized Western society would be inexplicable to the primitive Meo. Buell stuck to crop economics. Sweet potatoes, he said, would grow beautifully in the rich earth of the hills. They would bring more money, and besides, the farmers and their families could eat them.

As the Meo village leaders nodded in thoughtful agreement, Buell looked up at me. "Americans ought to know," he said, "that diplomacy ain't all white shirts, nice pants and money running out of your pockets. More of us have got to get down with the people. That's where you can do some good for them and for America."

Edgar Buell rarely has occasion to wear a white shirt and nice pants, and when money runs out of his pockets, it is more often his own, earned in years of work raising corn and soybeans on an Indiana farm, than it is Uncle Sam's. The 49-year-old retired farmer is one of that woefully small group of Americans overseas who were extolled by Eugene Burdick and William Lederer in their misnamed book "The Ugly American," whose hero was not ugly, but splendid. These are the Americans who volunteer to go to remote corners of the world where they can use a lifetime of practical experience in helping the miserable people our leaders euphemistically call the "less fortunate" or "underdeveloped."

Buell went to Laos in June 1960 as a \$60-a-month volunteer, an agricultural adviser for International Voluntary Service, a private Peace Corps which contracts the services of its volunteers to various U.S. aid programs abroad. He took this step after a deep personal tragedy, the death of his wife. In the vernacular of northeastern Indiana, and the farm where he spent most of his life, Buell explained what propelled him to Laos. "It ain't so complicated. Maloreen and I was a team. When that one good horse got off the wagon, I couldn't go on alone back home. But here, I don't know why, I can go alone."

As his words indicate, he is a gentle man, tempered by a life that has been both hard and good. Physically he is wiry and tough, hardened by 2 years of climbing up and down the mountains of Laos. If a word could describe his features, that word would be "homely"; it is a warm kind of homeliness, underlined by alert, curious eyes, that draws other men to Edgar Buell and inspires confidence in people less fortunate than himself.

The Meo people with whom Buell works are among the least fortunate people in the world. They have not smiled on them at

all. Even without the recent war, which has torn them from their land, they live at the absolute bedrock of human existence. Their farmland is mostly vertical, climbing up the sides of rugged mountains and cleared by slashing and burning the tangled jungle which chokes it. After a few years of growing hill rice, opium, and vegetables in one spot, they pick up their meager possessions and move to another mountain to repeat the process. They live in grass-thatched, bamboo-walled huts. Virtually everything they have is handmade, mostly from bamboo.

A Meo woman is lucky if she survives childbirth. She is luckier still if half of the children she bears survive childhood. And she can count her blessings if she or her husband lives to be more than 35 years of age. If she knows Edgar Buell or the legend of Edgar Buell which is passed from mouth to mouth and village to village in northern Laos, she probably thinks of him as some kind of god. To the Meo, he is.

## Pop means sent from above

Buell's name in Meo, the flattering sobriquet of which he is more proud than any award or honor he has received, has a god-like meaning. The Meo call him Tan Pop. Tan means "mister." Pop, in Meo, means "sent from above." To fellow Americans in Laos he is simply Pop Buell, with no spiritual overtones. But the legend of Pop Buell is passed around with awe in the American community too. Already Buell's efforts have eclipsed the record of Dr. Tom Dooley, the young St. Louis physician who established two jungle hospitals in Laos before he died in 1961.

"Sometimes Pop puts the rest of us to shame," said one of the men he works for. "He has more courage, more commonsense and more human compassion than any other man I have known."

Pop Buell's job is an emotionally and physically crushing one, on which hang the lives of 50,000 to 60,000 harassed Meo tribesmen who have been driven from their mountain homes by Communist Pathet Lao soldiers bent on conquering all of Laos. Most of these Meo refugees wander the hills or settle in temporary villages in Xieng Khouang Province, bordering the famed Plain of Jars where one of the principal battles of the Laotian civil war was fought. They are surrounded by hostile Communist and so-called neutralist forces who are allied in battle against the royal government. Every day the noose of enemy troops closes a little tighter.

## The wartime cease-fire in Laos

If you read the news of southeast Asia regularly, you probably have the impression that there has been a cease-fire in Laos, that the country has been in a more or less quiescent state pending the negotiation of a more permanent peace based on formation of a neutral, coalition government. The impression is misleading, particularly in Xieng Khouang Province. For many months, long before the recent heavy fighting, there has been war every day. Men have been killed. Villages have been burned. People, mostly the uncomprehending but bitterly angry Meo, are tortured. Pop remembers the horrifying ordeal of one village which he visited just after the Pathet Lao had sacked it.

"They wanted to set an example," he explained. The memory of it made him wince. "So they took one of the wives of the village Nhi Khon (leader) and stood her up in front of everybody. One of the Communist soldiers took his gun and shot off one of her breasts and then the other. Then they left her there to die."

Pop and I saw another "example" while visiting some wounded Meo in a neat little hospital run by Filipino volunteers in Vientiane, the administrative capital of Laos. He was a boy about 9 years old, perhaps 10, although he was small and frail. Mercifully he was unconscious. He had been hit with



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shotgun pellets. The entire right side of his body was peppered with ugly little wounds. "His father was a village leader," Pop sighed. "When the Pathet Lao came, they shot the boy as an example. To the Meo, sons are more precious than anything." The boy died a few days later.

To Pop Buell, the oppressed Meo people are his people, their villages his villages. He spends most of his time living with them in beleaguered Xieng Khouang Province, in the middle of the closing enemy noose. He has learned their language, as well as Lao and Thai, which he also must use. He eats their food, sleeps in their huts, doctors their sick, counsels their elders and keeps flowing the relief supplies on which they depend. He works at the very end of the chain of U.S. aid.

Recently Mr. Pop was elevated from his low-paid volunteer status to a higher paying post as an employee of the Agency for International Development, the Government Agency which administers American economic aid abroad. He works for a branch of AID called Rural Development which, in peaceful countries, assists in the construction of rural roads, trains rural craftsmen and helps to improve agricultural conditions. In Laos the war has paralyzed virtually all these AID functions. Instead, American AID workers have had thrust upon them thousands of war refugees who need help to stay alive. More than half of these refugees are Meo tribesmen who depend on Pop Buell for sustenance.

Because of the war, it has been more than a year since these Meo refugees have been able to stop in one place long enough to plant and harvest rice, their basic food. Normally in a war-torn country such refugees would be herded into huge camps where they could be fed and clothed until they could return to their homes. But the Meo, a fiercely independent people, will not leave their beloved mountains, even though the hills are surrounded and shot through with Communist agents. Instead they wander in bands of up to 2,000 people, looking for places to settle. It is Pop's job to find these wandering bands, help them locate new village sites, and organize air drops of rice and other essentials until they can get on their feet.

To do this he spends 90 percent of his time living behind enemy lines. Sometimes, while trudging along hidden jungle pathways in the roadless, uncharted mountains, he comes upon villages never before visited by a white man. The lithe, jungle-toughened people he meets on these trails may be friend or enemy; Pop has no way of knowing. Any night while sleeping in a bamboo-and-thatch hut in the hills he may have to jump up and plunge into the jungle to escape the Pathet Lao. Pop has learned to sleep with his clothes on. "It saves time," he says.

#### *Pursued by Reds before dawn*

In the past year he has had to make such predawn escapes five times. The most recent was 3 months ago. Pop was asleep in a Meo hut when a scout burst through the low doorway and awakened him.

"Pathet Lao are just down the hill," the scout whispered.

He had barely spoken when the Communists opened fire. Pop rushed from hut to hut in the village, rounding up women and children. While a platoon of village guards—some of them firing flintlock muskets—held off the enemy attack, Pop hoisted a child onto his back and joined the villagers on a trek down a path on the other side of the hill. They spent all the next day hidden in the jungle valley below, then climbed back up to the plundered village that night.

"It's surprising how well you can see to walk on those trails in the moonlight," Pop says.

On another occasion, fleeing from a Pathet Lao attack, Pop walked for 18 hours with a baby on his back. It was the rainy season

and the trails were slippery with greaselike mud. Some of the paths were almost vertical, and descending was less a matter of walking than of skiing.

"It wasn't so bad," he says. "When you get in a situation like that, you do what you have to. Anybody would."

In spite of his seemingly casual attitude, Buell worries about possible capture. Twice in the past year powerful Radio Hanoi, the Communist propaganda voice which broadcasts from North Vietnam to all of south-east Asia, has mentioned the "notorious, warmongering American imperialist, Tan Pop." Buell has heard that the Communists have offered a \$25,000 reward for his capture. He suspects that many of the villages in which he works have been infiltrated by enemy agents.

"Of course I worry about it," he says. "If I didn't there'd be something wrong with me, wouldn't there? But I love these Meo people and I know that damned near every one of them loves me. I have to put all my faith in them because when I am up there with them I have very little contact with anybody else."

Pop's only contact with the outside world is a tiny walkie-talkie radio with which he can converse with the American-piloted drop planes which occasionally fly in with relief supplies. Sometimes a Hello-Courier, a big-winged, light plane capable of landing and taking off on 300-foot strips, drops onto a dirt runway hewn from a mountainside by the Meo. When they are available, Pop uses these planes to lift him from village to village. Otherwise he walks.

The week I spent with Pop Buell in the mountains of Xieng Khouang began with a hair-raising Hello-Courier flight through the mist-shrouded mountains. We had been in Vientiane for almost a week, waiting for the fog to lift from the mountains so we could get in to the village of Lang Tien, about 2 days' walk from the enemy-held Plaine des Jarres. When the fog thinned a little we took off. Our pilot, Bob Smith, boosted the little plane to 7,000 feet to avoid ground fire as we flew over Pathet Lao territory.

"You get shot at every time you fly over here," Pop explained. "I came back in an airplane once that picked up 17 bullet holes in the wings. Amazing they didn't hit anything that mattered."

Smith, a civilian pilot working for Air America, the subsidiary of Civil Air Transport which flies most of the civil and military airdrop missions in Laos, cut his altitude to duck under the clouds which hugged the mountaintops of Xieng Khouang. From that moment on it was like a roller-coaster ride through a coal mine. Smith's view of the mountains was limited to massive shadows which lurked in the mist ahead of us. But flying on a combination of instinct and intimate knowledge of territory he had covered many times before, he snaked the little plane through narrow passes that left little more than 30 feet of maneuvering room on each wingtip, and across mountain plateaus from which trees rose so high I thought they would brush our undercarriage.

#### *Bouncing landing in Lang Tien*

Suddenly Pop pointed toward a cluster of thatch-roofed huts nestled near a short dirt strip. Smith flipped the light plane into a steep turn, and a minute later we were bouncing along the uneven runway.

"These pilots make a lot of money," Pop said, "sometimes \$3,000 to \$5,000 a month if they fly a lot. But they ain't got a very long life expectancy. You got to take your hat off to them. They earn every cent they make."

I looked at Buell in wonderment. His own job involves more hazard and uncertainty than the work of the highly paid pilots, however great their courage.

"It ain't the money or the hazards that

matter," Pop explained. "If it was I would have quit long ago. I don't have to work. I just want to get it across to as many people as I can that America is a good place and Americans are good people. At the same time I think I'm doing these people some good."

How much good he is doing was immediately apparent. Lang Tien, more an area than a village, is a cluster of hillside communities overlooking a small plateau inside the ring of mountains. All told, 5,000 people live in the area. Most of them are Meo refugees, but about 1,000 are Lao Thung, another of the many ethnic groups which inhabit Laos. The Lao Thung are friendly but tend to be lazy and more careless about cleanliness than the Meo. Many years ago they were slaves, and both Lao and Meo still tend to consider them as such. When anything is passed out, the Lao Thung are the last to get a share, and it is rarely a fair share.

#### *From America, provisions by parachute*

That afternoon a C-46, bearing salt, tools and 50 sacks of rice, made a low pass over the plateau and dropped its cargo for the refugees. As the free-falling rice sacks and the parachute-borne tools dropped, Pop talked to the Nhi Khon of the village.

"These supplies do not just drop out of the sky," he said in his mixed Meo and Lao. "They come from America because the Americans want to help you. The supplies are given to the Laotian Government, and the Laotian Government gives them to me to bring to you. They are for all of you and each man must get his fair share. We consider a man a man, whether he is a Meo or a Lao Thung. He must get the same share."

The Nhi Khon, a progressive leader who probably did not require the lecture, nodded in agreement and withheld distribution of the supplies until representatives of the Lao Thung village arrived to claim an equal share.

That night we were invited to the same Lao Thung village for a celebration honoring Tan Pop. After a long trek along a starlit jungle trail, we climbed the ladderlike stairway into the hut of the village chief. Proudly he boasted that he was 70 years old and had seven wives and 30 children. A half dozen children under 5 attested to his vigor.

The Nhi Khon of Lang Tien, who accompanied us, wryly explained the mountaineer's polygamy. "In this country, blankets are very dear," the Nhi Khon said, "so we have many wives to keep us warm." For himself, said the Nhi Khon, he had only two.

Inside the hut, dimly lighted by flaming rags dipped in animal fat, we squatted around an earthenware urn filled to within an inch of the brim with a fermented rice mash. Protruding from the urn were long, thin bamboo rods, hollowed to serve as straws. From these we sipped the sickly sweet rice wine while the Nhi Khon, taking a cue from Tan Pop, lectured the Lao Thung chief on the importance of planting garden seed and not relying entirely on the Americans to provide for his people.

"If you do not plant the seeds and care for the gardens," said the Nhi Khon, "you may end up picking rocks instead of food from your fields. You cannot eat rocks."

Earlier Pop had opened dozens of cans of seeds—lettuce, cabbage, bean and several other vegetables—and explained to the Nhi Khon that greens were important to the diet. Now the Nhi Khon was carrying the message to the Lao Thung, as he would carry it next day to the other villages around the plateau. Pop knew that the message would be more effective if it came from the Nhi Khon than if he delivered it himself, because the Nhi Khon would be there to see that the garden work was done.

"Working with these people is the same as working with my own people back in Steuben County, Ind.," he explained. "You got to take it slow and easy. Ain't it the same?"

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You don't just barge in and tell somebody you're helping him. You take it easy, and you help him to help himself. That way it means something to him and it sticks with him."

The tribesmen's conversation shifted to politics, and I asked Pop to translate for me. "They're talking about the war," he said. "There's a lot they don't understand. You've got to realize that the whole world, for these people, is no bigger than the distance they can walk. But they know more than you'd think they would."

The Nhi Khon was talking now, obviously with great feeling, explaining something to Pop. I could see the wizened little Indiana farmer's face grow taut with emotion as he turned to translate the Nhi Khon's remarks to me.

"I'll try to give you this exactly the way he said it to me," said Pop. "Here it is: 'Before the trouble came, the Meo people did not need help. When the trouble came, we heard about the Thing.' (He's got a picture of the United States and the United Nations all wrapped up in one big, good ball which he calls the Thing.) 'Until the Others (North Vietnamese Communists) came, we could have beaten the Pathet Lao with our muskets and crossbows. But we kept on fighting them and we thought we were fighting for the Thing. We were told that the Thing would come to help us. But so far the Thing has not been much help. Now we wonder if the Thing will move us to another country where we can live in peace. Will it?'"

#### *An unanswered question*

Pop paused and I saw that a tear was running down one of his cheeks. "You answer him," he said quietly. "I can't. That's what I thought the thing was for too."

Knowing U.S. policy in Laos, the drive for a neutral coalition government which seems certain in the long run to hand the entire country and the Meo as well over to the Communists, I couldn't answer him either.

During the 6 days that followed, we visited a half-dozen more villages, some by foot, some by air. In each of them, Edgar Buell, retired Indiana farmer of meager education but great natural intelligence and wisdom, was welcomed as Tan Pop, the near god. In each village Pop made it a point, almost upon arrival, to walk to every hut and either step in or peer in to utter a few words of encouragement to the wives, tending their cooking fires on the hard dirt floors.

"I've still got enough American in me to show a lot of respect for motherhood," he explained. "Besides, they ain't got a very good life. A few kind words does them a lot of good."

As we made the rounds through the village of Sam Thong, about a day's walk from Lang Tien, a sobbing woman ran out of a hut from which burst sounds of wailing and the clanging cymbals of the village medicine man. Inside we could see the wasted body of her husband. He had died of tuberculosis that morning. The grieving widow fell into Pop's arms and sobbed on his shoulder. From the look of mixed grief and hope in her tear-filled eyes, I guessed she thought there was a chance Edgar Buell could bring the man back to life. He patted her in that awkward way of a man who can do nothing, and we moved on.

But Pop can and does help the sick. Although he has no medical training, 2 years' working largely on his own in Laos have given him a cram course in medical problems that would horrify most Americans. His first case was a native woman who was on the verge of a miscarriage. At the time, before the battle of the Plains des Jarres, Pop and another IVS volunteer were manning a lonely station at Lhat Houang, not far from Xieng Khouang. They had a radio with which they could call any or all of the other American detachments in Laos. Stumped by the problem but unwilling to

abandon the woman to the ineffective treatment of a medicine man, Pop got on the radio and called Mary Jane St. Marie, an American IVS nurse.

Step by step, Mary Jane explained the process of miscarriage to the Indiana farmer. "He wouldn't understand medical terms," Mary Jane said, "so I gave it to him in good, basic farm language."

At the end of the conversation, in which she also told Pop how to deliver a baby, and what to do to try to prevent miscarriage, other radio operators in remote regions of Laos broke in. "Thanks, Mary Jane, and you too, Pop," said one of them. "I think I've got a case like that up here and I've been wondering what to do about it."

As it turned out, Pop managed to prevent the miscarriage. The baby was born a few months later. Pop and I visited the mother and her healthy 18-month-old son last April. He picked the child up and said, "Little boy, you make it all seem worthwhile."

#### *Buell the makeshift physician*

Although he says that he has lost count, Pop estimates he has delivered about 30 babies since that first case. Whenever he goes into the mountains, he carries a well-stocked medicine kit for treatment of minor infections and ailments, but it usually runs dry before his village-hopping tour is over. In one village a man who had accidentally rammed a sharpened bamboo stake into his eyebrow, opening a gaping wound, came to us for help. Pop grabbed my only bottle of whisky and poured it on the slash. "Ain't got any disinfectant, but this will do," he chuckled as he closed and dressed the wound.

In each of the villages Pop was constantly surrounded by small children. At our first stop I saw why. From his battered suitcase he drew a huge bag of hard candy. He made sure that each child in each village got at least one piece.

The children had another reason for being drawn to the little American. All of them recognize him as the man who brought education to the Meo. In years past there were no schools in the Meo villages. Tucked away in the remote mountains, the Meo were too hard to reach, and the Laotians thought them unworthy of education anyway. When Pop began working with the mountain people, he immediately sought to correct the tragic oversight. As a graduate of a one-room country school in Steuben County, Ind., he had little awe for the complexities of modern education. But American officials in Vientiane did. When he tried to get backing from them, he was told that schooling the Meo would be impossible. There were no qualified teachers. "Hell," said Pop, "who needs qualified teachers? All I wanted to do was teach them to read and write."

#### *No school bell needed here*

In each refugee village, Pop knew, there were a few tribesmen who had gone for a year or two to Laotian schools and could read and write the language. Without bothering further to establish formal U.S. educational aid to the Meo, Pop told leaders in each village to build a schoolhouse. Then he scrounged writing pads, pencils, and chalk from everyone in Vientiane who owed him a favor. In villages where an educated Meo was available, Pop put him to work as a schoolteacher. Then he spoke to the Laotian Government's Minister of Health and Social Welfare, a man named Touby Lyfoung, who is a Meo himself and is often called King of the Meo. Touby provided the missing teachers. At present Pop's school system includes 29 1-room, dirt-floored schools. Belatedly the Americans now offer Pop all the support he needs.

"Sure, the Communists will take over these schools one of these days, but I don't think the people will forget who put them there in the first place," Pop says. "They

might get only 6 months of schooling before the Communists come, but I don't care. There's no telling what they might pick up in 6 months, and it's sure better than nothing. These kids come to learn. They don't need no school bell. They're in there when the teacher arrives."

There is much more to say about Pop Buell: about the love and fulfillment and tragedy of his life in America; about how he came to Laos; about his heroic efforts there, often under enemy fire and in the face of unbelievable hardships. Some of these adventures I will recount in a further report next week. But for now, listen to one more remark from Pop Buell in Laos. On our last day in the mountains of Xieng Khouang, as we were waiting for a plane to take us back to Vientiane, I asked Pop why he stayed on, knowing that unless the United States changes its policy in Laos the Communists are bound to take over.

"You've got to have something to keep you going," he replied. "The Communists probably will take over soon. But everything turns in time, and it will turn again here someday. It may be 10 years or 50 years, but when that day comes these people are still going to remember Tan Pop. That's the only thing that keeps me going. No man is big enough or brave enough to work like this without some kind of purpose. I'm sowing seeds that, by God, someday is going to grow."

#### *PART 2*

At dawn one morning last April I was stumbling sleepily down a jungle path behind enemy lines in the mountains of northern Laos. Walking jauntily ahead of me, humming what sounded like "When the Saints Go Marching In," was Edgar Buell, the retired Indiana farmer whose work has made the difference between life and starvation for 50,000 to 60,000 primitive Meo tribesmen. Ignoring his happy mood, I mumbled something about the long days we had been putting in; up at dawn, a 4- to 6-mile hike on an empty stomach, time out to care for the sick in remote mountain villages, visits to village gardens and opium fields, and interminable nighttime conferences with village leaders.

"Most folks look on 8 hours as a good day's work," said Buell, smiling. "I was always of the opinion that I ought to do a little bit extra after I've done my day's work. It's that little bit that sells America."

Buell has done more than a little bit extra. Since moving to Laos 2 years ago he has organized and personally kept going a \$1,500,000 relief program for the benefit of the thousands of Meo refugees who have been driven from their land by Communist Pathet Lao soldiers. Although he has the active and hearty support of the Laotian Government, the U.S. Agency for International Development for which he works, and many friendly Americans, Laotians, Thais and Filipinos, the job of getting the supplies to the homeless, hungry Meo has been largely his alone. To accomplish it he spends most of his time living with the Meo under primitive and dangerous conditions. He has been shot at, run out of villages by attacking Communist troops, and exposed to a variety of diseases which run the gamut from amebic dysentery to leprosy. Radio Hanoi, the powerful Communist propaganda voice of southeast Asia, has twice broadcast a lookout for him, and he has been told that the Communists have offered a \$25,000 reward for his capture.

#### *A legendary figure*

To the Meo people, among whom he has become a legendary figure, Buell is known as Tan Pop, which translates as "Mister Sent From Above." It is a godlike name for someone the Meo consider a godlike man, and with good reason. Since the fall of the famed Plains des Jarres a year and a half ago, when Mister Pop was first swept into the

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maelstrom of war in Laos, he has performed tasks which to the Meo, and to many Americans as well, seemed superhuman.

At times the job has been not only risky but expensive too. Buell, working as a \$60-a-month volunteer, was stationed at the village of Lhat Houang along with another International Voluntary Service adviser named Dick Bowman, now with the Peace Corps in Washington. They had two helpers, a young multilingual Meo named Chung, and an equally adept Chinese boy named Tsieng. In late 1960, war around the Laotian administrative capital of Vientiane, and in the city of Vientiane itself, had totally disrupted the U.S. mission there, so that Buell's isolated outpost was left without supplies.

#### *They refused to flee*

Normally an American caught on such a limb would call for a last-ditch evacuation plane and get out. But Pop and Bowman decided to stay. They were busy training carpenters to build a dormitory for a school at Lhat Houang, giving agricultural advice and helping to care for the sick in smaller villages in the area. But without a weekly supply plane to bring food and other essentials, they had no means of support.

After searching around, Pop found a place in the nearby town of Xieng Khouang where he could cash his personal checks on the Edon State Bank of Edon, Ohio, just across the border from Pop's home farm in Steuben County, Ind. For 2 months Buell personally financed the U.S. aid program in Xieng Khouang Province, drawing from his own retirement fund in the Edon Bank.

"I don't know exactly how much I spent in those 2 months," he says, "but counting that and other things I've bought to give to the Meo people, I've used up about \$7,000 of my own money out here. I don't expect to get any of it back, but neither do I expect to spend any more. I can't afford it."

Although Pop and Bowman felt secure, it was a tenuous kind of security. The area was thoroughly covered by Communist Pathet Lao guerrilla forces, and they often came uncomfortably close. One night, after administering penicillin to a child suffering pneumonia in a village about 15 miles from Lhat Houang, Pop and Chung were returning by Jeep to their quarters. Suddenly a barrage of small-arms fire erupted from the thick jungle beside the crude road.

"They kept it up for about 2 minutes," Pop recalls, "but the best they could do was blow out one tire of the Jeep. They was either lousy shots or they was just trying to scare us. Anyway, we walked the rest of the way home."

The Plaine des Jarres fell on New Year's Eve, 1960, and with it went Lhat Houang. Three days before, Pop, whose medical training consisted of nothing more than the delivery of calves on his Indiana farm, was called to attend a native woman in labor. By that time, with the instruction of an American nurse who also worked for IVS, he had presided over several deliveries, so he was not alarmed. When he arrived in the village he found the woman dead. She had been in labor for 28 hours. But listening with a stethoscope, he could hear the baby's heartbeat.

"I got the baby out and dipped her in cold water, then warm water, like they did me when I was born. She was breathing OK, but she died later and I felt terrible. Losing a mother and a baby like that, I thought those people would never trust me again. I laid up all night worrying about it and wondering what I could have done. The next morning some of the men from the village come to my door, and for a minute I thought they was after me. But they had come to invite me to a breakfast in my honor, because they knew I had tried."

On New Year's Eve he was returning with Chung from the funeral of a child when he met Dick Bowman and Tsieng,

heading hell-bent for the Plaine des Jarres airport. Enemy troops were closing in, they said, and the evacuation plane was waiting for them.

"Hell," said Pop, "I got to go to Lhat Houang and get my clothes." With Chung beside him, Pop raced to his house in Lhat Houang. As they entered the front yard they saw dozens of enemy soldiers in the back. Turning around, they raced away in a hail of bullets. A few hours later they took off in an evacuation plane. As they looked down, they could see enemy troops digging gun emplacements at the end of the runway.

John Tobler, then director of the U.S. aid program in Laos, wrote Pop a commendation, the highest award he could give of volunteer worker. "In the face of great personal danger . . . your effective and intelligent handling of an extremely difficult situation materially contributed not only to the achievement of project objectives but also to the effective strengthening of the U.S. position."

#### *Pop lost 30 pounds*

During that period Pop's weight dropped from 135 to 105 pounds. He was exhausted. But after a brief recuperation in Bangkok he plunged into the urgent new job of saving the Meo refugees. Pop began the dangerous and wearing task of rounding up wandering bands of refugees, settling them in new villages behind enemy lines, and organizing air drops of rice and other supplies to keep them alive. Having learned the Lao language in order to work more effectively at Lhat Houang, he began studying Meo so that he would not have to take an interpreter on his long treks through the mountains. Pop now speaks Lao, Meo, and Thai, none of them perfectly, but all well enough to get along without help.

"Now Tan Pop has traveled much and is known by all of my people," says Lao Health Minister Touby, himself a Meo. "He is the only man who can go to them and find out their needs."

Like a Johnny Appleseed of democracy, Mister Pop wanders from village to village in the mountains distributing garden seeds and other supplies to help the resettled Meo get back on their feet.

"I try to give them things that they can do something with themselves," he says. "Their main diet is rice, and I have to give them all of that because the Communists haven't let them stay in one place long enough to harvest a rice crop, so U.S. aid has to airdrop all of that to them. But for the rest of the stuff, like vegetable gardens, I just help them to help themselves. It's just like back home. When you sell a man something, hope that he makes a profit on it when he sells. That way he'll be back for more."

#### *The ancient age of 49*

During the week that I accompanied Pop Buell on a tour of mountain villages, I began to understand his near-divine status with the Meo. One reason is his age. At 49, which is barely middle-aged by American standards, he is an ancient to the Meo. They cannot understand how a grandfather can be ramrod straight and tough enough to climb mountain trails night and day with even the most stalwart tribesmen. Another reason is his almost limitless self-control.

"I get mad as hell sometimes," Pop says, "but I figure if I'm going to get along with them I've got to hold it back, so I do. And I never cuss, either to them or at them. I don't care if a man don't speak your language, he knows when you're cussing and it hurts him."

As we sat down to dinner in the hut of a village chief one night, Pop looked up from the strange variety of food on the table and told our host that his food was very good. It was the same, Pop said, as the food we eat was that some of it was cooked. On the table

before us were intestines of water buffalo, a plate of raw pork blood, a variety of pale broths, some unidentifiable vegetables and a murky bottle of Nom Saly, a 2-week-old corn whisky which tastes as if it contains used innersoles. While Pop ate with gusto and I tried to imitate him, the chief happily repeated Pop's praise to some other villagers. He was proud that his food was like that in America.

In countless little ways Pop has made himself one of the Meo, and they welcome him as such. Other Americans would take cases of C-rations to supplement a not-always-palatable native diet; Pop never brings so much as a can of beans. "Just as soon as I opened a can," he explains, "I'd be setting myself apart from the people, and it just wouldn't be the same anymore." His only concessions to civilized living are frequent baths in mountain streams. "I'm trying to teach these people to stay clean because dirt causes a lot of the disease up here."

The Meo people know that theirs is not a safe and placid country. Many of them have been shot, some of them tortured, and almost all of the refugees have been chased by Communist troops. The fact that an American would live their life and share their peril has made a deep impression and has created a bond that is far stronger than if Pop had been born among the Meo.

Te them he seems fearless—"But I got just as big a yellow streak as any other man," he says. Among Pop's first acts when he arrives in a village is to inquire about escape trails in case the Pathet Lao come. "If things get too hot, I want to know which way to run."

We were talking about the possibilities of capture one night when Pop looked up at me. "If you ever hear that I'm missing out here, just don't give up on me. In a year and a half I've learned this country pretty well. I know these people and I know they'll take care of me. It might take me 6 months, but any time it's necessary I know that I can walk out of these mountains all the way to Thailand without getting caught. You just cross your fingers and wait. I'll show up in better shape than I was when I left."

Before he came to Laos in June, 1960, Pop Buell had a rewarding but sometimes hard life in Indiana. His mother and father, Clara and Elson Buell, were farmers in Steuben County, and they helped all five of their sons, and their daughters as well, to become farmers. The elder Mr. Buell, now 72, and her husband, 76, are still somewhat puzzled over the impulse that took their son to far-away Laos. "I just hope he takes care of himself," says Mrs. Buell. "When he was little, I had to make him a bright red sunbonnet so we wouldn't lose him in the cornfield. But he was capable. Even when he was just 5 years old he was a good onion weeder."

"The reason Edgar Buell can get along so well over there in Laos," says Merritt Boyer, one of his former high school teachers and a longtime friend, "is this: From the time he was a little devil on up, when his dad told him to do something, he did it regardless of how hard it was. If he didn't have any tools to do the job with, he found a way to do it anyway."

#### *Will Rogers' young disciple*

As a youngster Pop Buell was active in the Future Farmers of America. When he was 16 he won a free trip to an FFA convention in St. Louis. There, for keeping the best dairy records, he won another prize: a week with a dozen other boys on the Will Rogers ranch at Claremore, Okla. For years thereafter he emulated the great humorist, and today he still shows traces of Roger's influence in his healthy disdain for stiffness and Government red tape. "I read everything Will Rogers ever wrote," says Pop, "and I listened to every broadcast. I rate my favorite Americans like

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this: Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln, and Will Rogers. I have to put a Republican in that group, but hell, Lincoln was a rural boy and he was everything every other American ought to aspire to be."

As Democrats in an overwhelmingly Republican section of Indiana, the Buells were well-known, if politically isolated. When Paul V. McNutt ran for Governor in 1932, the silver-haired politician came into Steuben County on a stumping tour. Edgar Buell, as the leading young Democrat in a county otherwise barren of McNutt supporters, was given the job of introducing the would-be Governor at an outdoor hoedown and barbecue.

"Some of us got to drinking before the speechmaking and things was getting pretty wild," Buell recalls, "but somehow I managed to get up and make an introduction speech.

"Five minutes later I couldn't remember what I said, but after Mr. McNutt got through talking he came up to me and thanked me for the nice introduction. Then he looked at me real straight and said, 'Mr. Buell, just remember. Always be an adult.' I never forgot that."

All of the Buells were, and still are, known for their unbending honesty; Edgar was no exception. But in 1936, after marrying his high school sweetheart and starting to carve out a meager life on a partially arable farm, he decided to break the pattern. It was December. With Christmas coming, the newlywed Buells had no money for presents. Edgar decided to go to the bank in Edon and borrow \$50. "I'll tell them it's for a new calf," he said to his wife, Mattie Lorene. "They'd never let me have the money for Christmas presents, but they'll give it to me for a calf."

"You never lied before, Edgar," said his wife, "and nothing good can come from lying now, even if it is for Christmas."

#### *Buell blurts the truth*

Undeterred, Buell went to the bank. Art Mauerhan, now executive vice president of the Edon State Bank, remembers the awkward young farmer stammering as if he couldn't decide what to say. Finally Edgar blurted:

"Mr. Mauerhan, I come in here to tell you I needed \$50 for a new calf, but that ain't true. I need to borrow the money so we can have Christmas."

He got the \$50 and a top credit rating, which still stands at the Edon Bank.

Home with his wife, whose name Edgar and everyone else contracted to "Maloreen," Christmas plans progressed happily until the two suddenly thought of a tenant farmer, Rollie Fraley, who lived with his wife and six children in a small shack on one corner of their farm. The Fraleys, who had just migrated to Indiana from Kentucky, were dirt-poor. They planned to have no Christmas at all. With half of their \$50, Edgar and Maloreen played Santa Claus to the Fraley children.

Every Christmas after that bleak one, Edgar Buell dressed up in a Santa Claus suit and brought toys to country children who otherwise would have received none. By 1957 the list of children swelled to include dozens whose parents also bought them presents but who waited for Santa Claus nonetheless. All over Steuben County today you can find children and adults who remember Uncle Edgar's words each Christmas: "May the good Lord be just a little good to you."

The early years on the farm were hard ones. Although the Buells had two healthy children, Howard and Harriet, Maloreen suffered complications after the birth of the second child and was bedridden for months. "They had to have a hired girl," recalls Forrest, "and poor Edgar didn't have any money to pay her. But he had a garden. Every Saturday before it was time

to pay the girl, Edgar would pile a truck full of produce and drive all over the area peddling it. When he got up enough money, he would come home and give the girl her wages."

When the war came, Buell was naturally draft exempt as a farmer. "He had enough land and livestock to keep three men out of the Army," said a neighbor. He also had a number of extracurricular jobs, among them the assistant chairmanship of the county alcoholic beverage board and a post on the Agriculture Department's Corn Loan Board. Technically, a draft-exempt farmer was not supposed to do other work, and someone complained about Edgar's extra jobs. "To hell with them," Edgar said, and went to the draft board to ask for induction. He failed his physical examination because of poor eyesight. Determined to go anyway, he got new glasses. A few months later he was a corporal in the horse cavalry, helping to train recruits at Fort Riley, Kans. He did not get overseas. At war's end he was a supply sergeant at Fort Knox.

The war years and postwar years were good ones for agriculture, and Buell's farm grew and prospered. From a start of 142 partially arable acres, his holding expanded to a productive 249-acre farm. Together with Maloreen he poked into every civic activity in the county that was open to them. While Edgar worked with 4-H clubs and coached Little League baseball, Maloreen looked far and wide for people who needed a helping hand. "If she heard about a sick old lady who needed her house redecorated," says an old friend, Mrs. Jesse Ketzenberger, "she'd drop her own work and go over and hang the lady's wallpaper herself. I wouldn't run down Edgar, but Maloreen was twice the person he is, and he would be the first to agree."

#### *Love in another wrapper*

"The marriage was a perfect one," says Edgar, "but we used to argue. Anybody who says he don't argue with his wife is either lying or there's something wrong with him." Not surprisingly, the argument usually concerned how to raise Howard and Harriet. Edgar, accustomed to the Spartan ways of his own father, bridled at Maloreen's easy-going way with the children. "I thought she was too lenient," he says, "but after a while I learned she was right. She just put her love out different than I was used to. She just wrapped them up in it." (Today Buell's 25-year-old son Howard, whose wife Bonnie expects a child this summer, operates his father's farm. Harriet, now 24, has one son and expects another child soon. Her husband, Wesley Gettys, teaches high school in Somerset, Ohio.)

In 1958 tragedy struck. Maloreen developed a mysterious malady which doctors were unable to diagnose. For 6 months she grew weaker. Hospitalized in Fort Wayne, about 40 miles from the Buell farm in Steuben County, she appeared to be improving. Every night Pop would drive down to Fort Wayne to sit with her until she fell asleep. One night after he had been in her room only a short while, Maloreen looked up at Edgar and said, "I'm sleepy. You'd better go home now."

"She usually wanted me to stay until 9 o'clock, and it was only 7," Buell recalls.

As Buell said good night from the hospital room door, Maloreen smiled and called, "Goodby, Edgar."

"She never said 'goodby' to me before," he recalls.

By the time Edgar had driven the 40 miles to Steuben County, the doctor had telephoned. Maloreen was dead.

Buell tried to go it alone on the farm. Howard was away for a 2-year tour in the Army. Harriet was working in Columbus, Ohio. It was a dismal life. Oversolicitous friends and relatives kept popping in. And a few months later, in 1961, Edgar died of a heart attack, leaving behind a farm and a few designs.

One day a former Alcoholic Beverage Board colleague drove into the farmyard and showed Edgar an advertisement for International Voluntary Service in a farm magazine. IVS needed experienced farmers, preferably college graduates, to lead its young volunteers overseas. For a year he corresponded with IVS headquarters in Washington, sending applications, character references and pleas that the college requirements be waived in his case. "Finally I squeezed my whole life down into a two-page letter and they accepted me," he says. Howard was back from the Army and had married Bonnie. He was eager to take over his father's farm. "I was ready to retire from farming anyway," says Pop, "so I turned it all over to Howard." A month later, Buell was in Laos, a country whose name he had never heard before.

In a way, he treats Laos just as if it were Steuben County, only bigger. Like farmers everywhere, his favorite off-duty pastime is "going visiting." He calls on Health Minister Touby, an exalted Lao-Government figure, with the same simple, straightforward approach he would make to Jake Fifer, who lives down the road a piece from Pop's farm in Indiana. Col. Vang Phao, the onetime French Army sergeant who leads a tough and well-trained force of Meo guerillas in north Laos, shares the same camaraderie with the Indiana farmer as do Pop's brothers back on the farm. When the two sit in the courtyard of Vang Phao's house, swinging their crossed legs and laughing at each other's sallies, it sounds almost as if they were a pair of Indiana farmers gossiping about a neighbor's new silo. You can almost hear them utter an occasional "by golly," in Meo.

To the relief of Vang Phao and everyone else with whom Pop works, he has signed up for another 2 years in Laos. "I couldn't leave these people now," he says. Tragically events in Laos since his visit may force Pop to leave them. At this writing, Communist troops have swept the Royal Government out of most of northwest Laos, and the effect of the move on the rest of the country is still uncertain. Pop and his beloved Meo tribesmen are in the northeast and thus were not directly involved in the recent Laos battles. But further Communist victories could so isolate the Meo that Pop would have to get out. Even if a solution is found in the much-sought coalition of neutrals, Communists, and the Royal Government, most Americans on the scene predict that within a few months the Communists would control all of Laos. It is unlikely that they would want Mister Pop around "selling America." Thus Buell's heroic efforts may be frustrated. But, as he told me one day in the mountains, "I'm sowing seeds that, by God, someday is going to grow."

#### *The most effective American*

Other Americans also are sowing the seeds of democracy overseas but in many travels to almost every part of the world I have never seen one who did it so effectively as Mister Pop. I told him one day that men with such a combination of simplicity, intelligence, and guts are rare. He was embarrassed. "I ain't unusual," he said. If you look around I think you will find at least one Edgar Buell in every rural county in America."

When I left Mister Pop in Laos, he was getting his garden seeds and supplies ready for a 10-day trek through mountains which, theoretically at least, are held by Communist forces. Pilots had reported seeing large bands of Meo refugees wandering the jungle trails in the area, and Pop was on his way to find them and help them if he could. He had never been in the area before and had no way of knowing whether his reception would be friendly or final. Just as I began writing this report, I received a letter from him, which he described as being "real close to the enemy."



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"For the first time since I can remember," he wrote, "I came off from Vientiane without my medicine kit.

"Was greeted here by a family who were the victims of a hand grenade, a sad sight. I got two young girls patched up by using what we had here, and put the father in the Helio-Courier and sent him to O.B. (the Operation Brotherhood hospital run by Filipino volunteers under sponsorship of the Manila and Vientiane junior chambers of commerce). The worst one (of the girls) I took to a house, washed and bandaged, and put her to sleep. A little boy is not too bad. If the girl is still alive and if a Helio can get in here, she will go to O.B. tomorrow.

"I have just ate again and am about ready for bed. Was you ever deep in the jungle at night, locusts chattering, plus some kind of hunting bird, a mortar shell (exploding) now and then, plus cold and dark? That is this place tonight. I believe I will leave my shoes on."

## MORE RIGHT THAN RATIONAL

Mrs. NEUBERGER. Mr. President, H. L. Hunt's "Life Line" considers it a remarkable and sinister coincidence that Senator NEUBERGER "spoke very strongly against the 'Life Line' program and other patriotic anti-Communist endeavors," a scant 3 years after "a manifesto of 81 Communist parties, issued in Moscow in 1960, called for a concerted drive against anticommunism all over the world."

I may be naive, Mr. President, but I confess that opposition by Communists to anticommunism hardly strikes me as a startling phenomenon. "Life Line" evidently considers me a good deal worse than naive. The implication, of course, is that Senator NEUBERGER is a Communist, a party to the "international anti-freedom conspiracy."

Though "Life Line" treads a careful path of innuendo, implication, and false analogy, it is left to the individual letter-writer usually anonymous to fill in the blank spaces. One public-spirited citizen wrote:

You Jews run true to form, you attack everything American—along with the Communists—to promote the destruction of America and the final takeover.

You don't like the DAR because you never could be eligible. Your ancestors probably got here about 1900, after the Christians built this country.

## And a friendly postcard:

If you are so strong for the commies, why don't (you) get yourself a passport and move over there. You are against everything that scents against these birds and the word "patriotism" is a nausea to your nostrils. \* \* \* Why don't you get next to yourself and take a course in "Americanism" it might illuminate (sic) your soul, if you have one.

Another anonymous stalwart called it "most unfortunate"—though I suspect he really meant to say "fortunate":

That you have exposed your role in the international conspiracy to undermine the U.S. Government in the Jewish drive for international socialism.

One more thing, Mr. President. I have apparently been shrinking perceptibly in the last few months. Indeed, I seem to have undergone a meta-

morphosis which has quite undone a lady from Grosse Pointe, Mich., who wrote—

Believe me, you look mighty small in the press, and smaller still to those who once thought you a gentleman.

While I find these insights into my character, lineage and loyalty interesting, I think it would be profitable to review the provocation which apparently elicited this concerted venom.

Several months ago, I expressed my growing concern with the use by nominally apolitical, "educational," or "religious" organizations of their tax-exempt status as a shelter for essentially political activities. If I may be permitted to say so, this was not a notably radical proposition. It happens to be against the law. Congress, since 1934, has expressly prohibited any organization from claiming tax-exempt status while any "substantial part of its activities" is "carrying on propaganda."

I cited the Life Line radio broadcasts as a noteworthy illustration. I also cited the wildly intemperate resolutions of the DAR, principally because the Senate was at that time contemplating printing the DAR report as a Senate document, adding, in terms of Federal subsidization, insult to injury.

It is true that I disagree with some of the resolutions of the DAR, such as the one which stated:

The Domestic Peace Corps would delay the entrance of the youth of this Nation into the field of free enterprise.

Another of the resolutions with which I disagree states that—

Congress is tarred with the brush of "progressive encroachment upon the constitutional rights of the several States of the Union with serious impairment of their vested rights, liberties, and control of their institutions."

Another resolution of the DAR with which I do not agree is—

The Federal courts are "usurping the rights and powers of the legislatures of the several States."

I also disagree with the DAR resolution that the administration—

Through "subservience" to the United Nations has "permitted communism to become entrenched 90 miles off our shore in Cuba."

There are other resolutions with which I disagree, but I do not disagree with the DAR's right to pass the resolutions. I only disagree with their tax supported status.

Evidently, the precise nature of my objections was not entirely clear, at least to Life Line. Life Line accused me of trying to silence the "voice of freedom." I said:

The Constitution guarantees freedom of speech, thankfully, but it does not guarantee that political propaganda shall be subsidized by tax concessions. \* \* \* It is no doubt true that in a given instance the line between education and political propaganda is a difficult one to draw. Whatever the reasons I think it is incumbent upon the tax service to terminate, and with more than deliberate speed, the fraudulent use of the "educational" exemption as a tax haven for partisan political propaganda. And I intend to

use every resource at my command to see that this is done. Not, let me repeat, for the purpose of silencing political activity, but merely for the purposes of eliminating the tax-exemption subsidy.

Life Line also accused me of questioning the activities of the DAR because "it has passed resolutions on public policy with which she herself does not agree." I said:

I have concentrated upon the propaganda activities of the extreme rightwing. There is no question that the same standards must apply to tax-exemption abuses by leftwing organizations. But to those who ask me why I concentrate my fire upon the extreme right, I answer that the flood of material which inundates my office daily, rarely, if ever, comes from the left.

Nonetheless, there will undoubtedly be abuses by groups displaying all colors of political persuasion. And it should follow, without comment, that any reforms instituted must be applied without regard to the ideological position of the offender.

Perhaps I may be forgiven if I find it difficult to translate my remarks into an exposé of my "role in the international conspiracy." On the other hand, perhaps there was a defect in the language of my remarks. This particular speech must have been very confusing, for the very next day the president general of the DAR indicated that she had not understood me at all. She wrote:

So far as the term "politicking" is concerned, I am surprised at its use and am at something of a loss to know just what it meant inasmuch as the national society maintains no lobby at National, State, or local government levels, contributes to no political party or candidates in any way, initiates no legislation, and does not—as do a number of organizations—even in its own internal setup have any legislative chairmen. Yes, the DAR, being interested in the preservation and maintenance of our constitutional Republic, does urge its members as individual good American citizens to be informed and to exercise the privilege of the franchise and vote, but how one votes is entirely up to the individual.

The term "politicking" was hers, not mine, but it is generally what I had in mind.

Let me try again. Several days ago I received from a member of the DAR in good standing a copy of a bulletin apparently circulated to all members by the National Defense Committee of the DAR, stating in part:

## TEST BAN TREATY—STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN

A test ban treaty has been regarded by its proponents as a first and necessary step to complete and total disarmament. This ratification of the treaty must be considered as implied approval of "complete and total disarmament" with all of the consequent dangers to America—including loss of sovereignty and the ability to defend ourselves.

A very practical reason for opposing a test ban treaty is the risk that tactical training for troops in handling and firing nuclear weapons would all but be ruled out.

The great danger of this treaty is that the United States may be mousetrapped into unilateral disarmament, while the Soviet Union makes itself invincible. Instead of being a victory for the administration, as it is now represented, it may well turn out to be a great catastrophe for all of America.

In view of the Soviet Union's entrenched position in Cuba and their long record of

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broken promises, it is incredible that such a treaty should be even contemplated. If you agree with the above, it is urgent that as individuals you immediately contact your Senators by letter or telegraph opposing this test ban treaty. Today the press reports hearings are being held and that the treaty may be voted on by the Senate this week.

During the past several weeks, Sane, the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, has similarly been circulating a bulletin to its members and friends stating in part:

**NOW IT'S UP TO THE SENATE, AND YOU**

A test ban treaty will put an end to widespread radioactive fallout from nuclear testing. Present and future generations will be spared additional reproductive damage and bone cancer. Little can be done about what has already occurred.

The spread of nuclear weapons and their development by new nations will be slowed, reducing the chances of nuclear war.

But most important—the world will have taken the first step to end the suicidal nuclear arms race.

By ratifying the treaty, the Senate can make clear the will of the American people to seek a just and lasting peace under honorable and safeguarded agreements.

Write three letters and write them now. One each to your Senators, and one to President Kennedy, indicating in your own words, your support for the test ban agreement.

Mr. President, men and women of good will are surely to be found in the camps of those who oppose as well as those who support ratification of the nuclear test ban treaty. The DAR speaks for the partisans of one camp. Sane speaks for many of the partisans of the other. But Sane must rely upon taxable dollars to finance its activities, while the DAR enjoys tax exemption. Yet it is the express policy of Congress that the Treasury shall be neutral in national political debates.

I believe that steps must be taken to insure the future neutrality of the Treasury, and I am hopeful that under the firm hand of Commissioner Caplin, of the Internal Revenue Service, this anomaly will not long continue. This is, and was, my point. It does not, I take it, constitute treason.

**DEVELOPMENT OF THE NORTHERN LAKE STATES REGION**

Mr. McCARTHY. Mr. President, a Northern Lake States Regional Land and People Conference was held in Duluth, Minn., on September 24 and 25.

The conference was sponsored by the Department of Agriculture. Some 1,200 local leaders from the 81 counties in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, which make up the region, participated in the conference. Secretary Freeman, State officials, and several of us from the congressional delegations of the three States also took part in the meeting.

The main purpose of the conference was to hear and consider the judgment of leaders in the Northern Lake States region on how to coordinate the efforts of all groups, government and private, for the development of the area.

There were panel discussions on area problems from the local viewpoint. A

Governors' panel reviewed the problems and opportunities from the State level.

Four evening workshops were held on the following subjects:

First. The multiple-use management of the resources of the region;

Second. Development of local initiative for action and coordination between related groups and locations;

Third. Solving land ownership and governmental structure problems;

Fourth. The place of outdoor recreation in the development of the region.

At the close of the conference, Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman addressed the group. He summarized the findings of the conference and outlined the work ahead. I believe his remarks will be of interest to all as an example of how coordinated efforts can help people meet community and regional problems and provide new opportunities.

I ask unanimous consent that the address given by Secretary Freeman at the closing session of the land and people conference at the Hotel Duluth be printed in the RECORD at this point.

There being no objection, the address was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

**THE JOB AHEAD**

(Address by Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman at closing session of Land and People Conference, Northern Great Lakes Region, at the Hotel Duluth, Duluth, Minn., September 25, 1963.)

I am greatly encouraged by the events of the past 2 days. They suggest that the work we have done here is only the beginning of a grassroots effort to build for the economic expansion and growth of the Northern Lake States region.

This conference has been constantly in my thoughts for a over a year. It really began during an airplane flight near the Jay Cooke State park outside Chisholm early in 1962. We were looking at part of the Superior National Forest and I realized as we flew over the parks and forests—and the farms, cities and lakes—that there were few places in the world to equal this region. On trips all over this country and abroad over the past 2 years, I've seen many beautiful places, but none of them begins to match the outdoor resources here. I've always felt the Northern Lake States region is one of the most beautiful in the world. But, on that inspection flight, I suddenly realized that even I—who knew it so well—had underestimated the beauty . . . and the potential of this region for development of outdoor recreation. The promise of this region, I saw, extends not just to the people who live here, but to all Americans.

At that moment, I decided to ask the Forest Service to begin preparing a report on resources and recreation in this area, looking toward a conference of State and local people to begin planning for an organized development effort. You have the report—which I commend to you highly—and now we are nearing the end of the beginning.

We have heard from many distinguished people—public servants, educators, businessmen, bankers, executives, workers, and housewives—who pledge their support to plan together to develop the resources of this region.

We have heard President Kennedy call for the full employment of these abundant resources as a means of achieving full employment of people. And we are challenged by his willingness to commit the full resources of the Federal Government to the task we undertake.

We have heard from Governor Rolvaag, our host, and from Governor Reynolds, of Wisconsin, and from Mr. Conboy, who represents Governor Romney, of Michigan. They have made it clear that we can build on a foundation of solid beginnings in resource development.

We knew before we came here of the problems and needs of this three-State region. Over 9 percent of a work force of 560,000 persons is unemployed today. The estimates for this winter forecast an unemployment rate of as high as 20 percent. I know the problems of northern Minnesota intimately, and have felt them deeply. As Governor, there was no problem that concerned me more, nor any that received more attention. We built highways, and the high bridge. We invested heavily in higher education to expand the university branch at Duluth and to strengthen the junior colleges. State parks were expanded. The port of Duluth was built, giving Minnesota an ocean seaport. Commercial peat operations began in volume. Conditions would be worse without these efforts, but they serve only to emphasize there is still much to be done.

Those unemployment statistics are not just numbers, but people who want jobs, who want to work and cannot because there is no place where they can find employment. We must not rest until there is a job for everyone. It will not be easy, but we are resolved, regardless of the difficulties, to reach that goal.

This region over the years has taken it on the chin in many ways. Historically it has been a supplier of raw materials, and those resources have been depleted through exploitation so rapidly that the cries of "unlimited supplies of timber and iron ore" are cynical in retrospect. The Lake States region is located far from the population centers, and the roads necessary for easy access have been difficult to obtain.

But the people are tough and determined, and this makes the challenge that much more worth the effort. This region is richly endowed with resources. Its timber, though once despoiled for short-term gain by shortsighted people, now covers four-fifths of its land area. There are 27,000 lakes and over 3,000 trout streams—over 3 million acres of water surface—for those who seek outdoor recreation. This region serves a potential market of 50 million outdoor recreation seekers. Its mineral resources, of which the richest have been stripped and mined away, are being unlocked by science and technology. These advances already have created new jobs, and soon will bring thousands more. The people of this region are well educated, for they have always placed a high premium on schools and colleges.

These facts have all been described in detail in the "Resources and Recreation" report which compiles research data that has been developed in a number of Federal and State resource studies. Each of you have a copy of this report, and I urge you to study it and use it when you return home.

The report provides a resource catalog as well as a guide to development opportunities which are available through multiple-use conservation techniques. President Kennedy last night indicated that multiple use means full employment of resources, for when resources interact one on the other, their uses multiply to a sum greater than the individual total. Applied to the job ahead, this concept can produce an explosion of opportunity.

Now, judging from what I have heard this morning, you have prepared an ambitious blueprint. But I think each of us know that the job ahead will be difficult, and that the results of the work we do here will not produce jobs tomorrow. If we have the will

I am sure that those of us who are so vitally concerned with this extremely serious problem would hope that this administration could do better than give us "feeble assurances."

The editorial follows:

#### FEEBLE ASSURANCES ON GOLD

President Kennedy and Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon have given new assurances about the drain on U.S. gold, which leave the American people with small reason for consolation.

Mr. Kennedy told governors of the International Monetary Fund and World Bank that the United States is moving cautiously to overcome its deficit in international payments and is determined not to reduce the value of the dollar. "But no one," he said, "should confuse caution with timidity or a careful and deliberate pace with lack of determination."

That is the kind of language for which he has become famous and which is identified with the style of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., a special White House assistant and occasional speech writer.

Actually, the deficit reached an alltime high rate of \$4.2 billion for the first half of 1963. The administration has alleviated the situation a bit by raising the interest rate on Government notes available to foreign creditors so they will not be tempted to convert their claims into gold.

It is as though, to stave off the foreclosure of a mortgage on your home, you treated the mortgage holder to a fine dinner and thereby induced him to hold off a while.

The administration has made no attack on the chief cause—its role as Santa Claus to the world, causing a continual outflow of dollars, which more than wipes out the favorable U.S. balance in trade. The House has made a sharp cut in foreign aid, but only with painful outcries from the White House; and the Senate has yet to act.

#### Anti-Communist Committee in Western New York Voices Opposition to Proposed Tito Visit

#### EXTENSION OF REMARKS

HON. JOHN R. PILLION

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 8, 1963

Mr. PILLION. Mr. Speaker, the United Anti-Communist Action Committee of Western New York has, for many years, devoted itself to the task of alerting this Nation to the dangers posed by the international Communist conspiracy. Mr. Walter V. Chopyk has done an outstanding job as public relations director of the committee.

The United Anti-Communist Committee recently expressed its strong opposition to the proposed visit of Marshal Tito to the United States. I respectfully submit that the committee's objection is shared by a great many Americans.

A press release covering the Anti-Communist Committee's statement follows:

#### OPPOSITION TO PROPOSED TITO VISIT

At a special meeting of the executive committee of the United Anti-Communist Action Committee of Western New York held at the Hotel Statler-Hilton, Monday evening, September 30, 1963, deep concern was expressed in regards to the pending official visit of the Yugoslav Communist Dictator Tito. His recent honeymoon with Khrushchev confirms his rededication to the aims and purposes of the international criminal Communist conspiracy.

Despite the almost \$3 billion given him by the American taxpayer on the naive hope that this would wean him away from the Kremlin, Tito constantly votes with Russia against the United States and maintains a bloody police state.

Today he carries the Red line to South America—tomorrow he'll ask for additional millions of dollars while being cloaked with an unnatural dignity as the invited guest of the American people.

The committee urges that all citizens contact their Representatives immediately to demand the withdrawal of the invitation.

#### Down With Robin Hood, and With the Area Redevelopment Administration, Too

#### EXTENSION OF REMARKS

HON. KATHARINE ST. GEORGE

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 8, 1963

Mrs. ST. GEORGE. Mr. Speaker, the following article appeared in Barron's National Business and Financial Weekly of September 16.

The comparison of our modern socialistic "do-goodism" with Robin Hood and his merry men is most apt. I have always found that one thing every human being knows he can do better than anyone else is: spend the other fellow's money.

#### DOWN WITH ROBIN HOOD AND WITH THE AREA REDEVELOPMENT ADMINISTRATION, TOO

Justice of the Peace and Local Government Review, a journal with a small but select circulation throughout the United Kingdom, has just made a big splash on this side of the Atlantic. To the dismay of all those who cherish the legend of Robin Hood, the magazine recently urged a critical reappraisal of his life and times. Despite centuries of glorification, the merry men of Sherwood Forest were allegedly a gamy lot: "Friar Tuck is certainly no example of how a devout high churchman should behave, while Little John, apart from his marksmanship, has little to recommend him to law-abiding citizens." Maid Marian gets equally short shrift. The publication has aimed its sharpest shafts at Robin Hood himself, whom it condemns as "an outlaw who deserted his lawful wife for fun and games in the greenwood." It adds scathingly: "Having regard to the fact that the exploits of this legendary hero were chiefly concerned with robbing the rich under the specious motive of giving to the poor, a function which in modern times has been taken over by the welfare state, it is a question of some doubt whether a Robin Hood festival is not contrary to public policy."

Such sentiments, needless to say, are by no means unanimous, in either the United Kingdom or the United States. Last week, columnist Inez Robb, with a cry of hands off folklore, sprang to Robin Hood's defense. Even the Sheriff of Nottingham took up the cudgels for his old adversary. The legend, said the official, has done a great deal to foster relations between Nottingham and the rest of the world. Besides, he added with an eye toward the tourist trade, Robin Hood is good for business.

While the pen is reputedly mightier than the sword, one editorial in an obscure British weekly will lay low neither Robin Hood nor what he stands for. Nonetheless, its appearance indicates that more and more people are growing uneasily aware of the lack of morality that is basic to the welfare state. In this country, the same theme has been sounded repeatedly of late by Edwin P. Neelan, crusading president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Neelan charges that what is going on in Washington today, especially in agencies like the Area Redevelopment Administration, is "downright immoral." ARA, the record suggests has committed a multitude of sins, ranging from the release of phony statistics and false information to the abuse of its authority. In the guise of subsidizing so-called depressed areas—robbing the rich to help the poor, so to speak—ARA is spreading the Federal handout and the political payoff from one end of the country to the other. Robin Hood only worked Sherwood Forest. His spirit is roaming the whole New Frontier.

Nowhere has it enjoyed such latitude as in the Area Redevelopment Administration. Established in May of 1961, the agency, in its own words, strives "to help create jobs where none existed before." To that end an openhanded Congress endowed it with nearly \$400 million, which may be used to make loans (up to 30 years at 3½ percent interest) for either public facilities or commercial and industrial ventures. ARA is also authorized to furnish outright grants for the retraining of workers and for technical assistance to various localities. As drafted by a Presidential task force, the legislation was designed to limit such help to areas where unemployment far exceeds the national average. As finally enacted, however, it gave the Secretary of Commerce, in whose bailiwick ARA landed, sweeping authority to designate who is eligible. Hence instead of 100-odd areas, as originally estimated over 1,000 blanketing all 50 States and Puerto Rico, have wound up on ARA's books. The agency, in turn, has been running through its money very fast, to the point where, with strong support from the White House, it is seeking another \$400 million from Congress.

Whether ARA will get what it wants remains to be seen—the opposition to its activities, in and outside of Congress, is perceptibly stiffening. As Senator ROBERTSON, Democrat, of Virginia, points out, "the standards of eligibility are so vague as to permit almost any project to be approved almost anywhere." The record fully bears him out. ARA to date has gotten involved in such unlikely ventures as a ski lift in Pennsylvania and the processing of reindeer meat in Alaska. Nearly one-fourth of its lending has gone to finance hotels and motels. For one sizable lending company, with a plant in Hazleton, Pa., ARA built a \$32,000 standpipe, thereby putting "50 to 100 men to work on the third and fourth floors" of the building. It has helped reopen idle plywood plants and abandoned coal mines. It has even made a \$9,500 grant "to determine the economic feasibility of establishing a cooperative-owned livestock feedyard and slaughterhouse complex in North Dakota."

One way or another, the agency boasts of creating over 35,000 jobs, a claim which its critics dispute. For example, according to the ARA Administrator, a 432-unit motor hotel in Detroit will provide work for 450 people; a 50-unit motel in Naples, Tex., is supposed to yield 50 jobs. "I can't imagine a motel that would hire one person per unit," declared a skeptical lawmaker. Similarly, the agency takes credit for a thousand jobs at an Arkansas shirt factory which, at present capacity, can employ no more than 500. It also lists 300 jobs created by a \$272,000 loan for the construction of an ordnance plant, which today stands empty. Queried on the point, ARA blandly replied:

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## CONGRESSIONAL RECORD — APPENDIX

October 8

"The potential is there if we can ever find an occupant for the place."

The agency's tactics have been as questionable as its statistics. In a transparent effort to embarrass the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, ARA issued a press release expressing deep appreciation to 500-odd chamber officials for their cooperation. Subsequent investigation by the doughty Mr. Neilan disclosed that some of those named were no longer in office, had never been in office or stood flatly opposed to ARA and all its works. The chamber of commerce has also disclosed one case after another of Government pressure on local officials to embrace the program. Its "salesmen," says Mr. Neilan, "are on the prowl all over the country." So great has been their zeal that more than one flourishing community, to its surprise and dismay and against its will, has found itself labeled a depressed area. "Reckless misuse of public funds is bad enough in itself," observes Mr. Neilan. "But the moral implications are even worse when the spenders resort to coercion to get the money spent. Then it becomes more than dishonesty. It's a matter of dividing the people against each other, stirring up strife, weakening community initiative and morale."

It also happens to be a matter of riding roughshod over anyone who gets in the way. Over the soybean processor in Salisbury, Md., who, after borrowing \$1.5 million at going market rates to build a new plant a few years ago, suddenly is faced with the prospect of a subsidized rival. Over the lumbermen at Happy Camp, Calif., who now must compete with a federally financed mill. Over the coal miners in Carbon County, Utah, who will lose their jobs because ARA, despite a glutted market, is reopening shut-down pits. That is what Robin Hood always comes to in the end. In the words of his first and most fiercely eloquent detractor, novelist-philosopher Ayn Rand, "He is held to be the first man who assumed a halo of virtue by practicing charity with wealth which he did not own, by giving away goods which he had not produced, by making others pay for the luxury of his pity . . . . Until men learn that of all human symbols, Robin Hood is the most immoral and the most contemptible, there will be no justice on earth." Let Congress, as it weighs the future of ARA, ponder well.

## Americans First

EXTENSION OF REMARKS  
OF

HON. ROBERT MCCLORY

OF ILLINOIS

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 8, 1963

Mr. MCCLORY. Mr. Speaker, a forceful editorial appeared in the Antioch News, one of the leading newspapers in my district published by Margaret E. Gaston, in its issue of Thursday, September 15, 1963.

The editorial, which calls attention to the unconscionable burden of taxation on our private economy, commends my colleague, Congressman HENRY SCHADEBERG, who represents the 1st District of Wisconsin which lies directly across the State line from my 12th Congressional District of Illinois which I have the honor to represent.

I commend to my colleagues in the Congress and to those enlightened citizens throughout the Nation who review

the CONGRESSIONAL RECORD this significant editorial:

## AMERICANS FIRST

Congressman HENRY SCHADEBERG, of Wisconsin, has reminded his constituents that the \$4,087,075,000 requested for foreign aid next year represents an involuntary gift (tax) of approximately \$100 for each family of four in the United States.

SCHADEBERG also pointed out that since the inception of the foreign aid program, the American taxpayer has been relieved of a total of \$110 billion, which represents one-third of our national debt.

President Kennedy has run into opposition on his request for foreign aid appropriation and has accused Republicans opposing it of party politics. Truth is, one doesn't have to be Republican to oppose foreign aid.

Presumably, we dispense these billions of dollars in the hope of buying the friendship and loyalty of the recipient nations.

No one has ever yet managed to buy friendship and loyalty with money. No matter how well intentioned the philanthropist may be, the object of his charity invariably and instinctively responds with dislike and resentment. No matter how pure the motives of the giver or how grateful the receiver, the free and mutual enjoyment of friendship is impossible under such conditions.

Nations are, after all, only a great many separate people. And those people react the same as we do. You can't buy their friendship, singly or in groups. Uncle Sam has tried, long enough. It hasn't worked.

If someone wishes to insist that we're not trying to buy friendship—that we dispense these billions because we're a rich nation who must aid the less fortunate, then foreign aid should be cut off at once. Charity begins at home. When we have no hungry people left in our own country; when we have no mental patients left rotting in institutions for lack of money for proper treatment; when every person in our country has access to the best education he can utilize; when we aren't paying out money for taxes that should be going in to the care of our children's teeth, or medical treatment; time enough, then, to start thinking of helping others.

Our best propaganda, in fact, has been accomplished by private enterprise and organizations. If they make a mistake, there are no political repercussions. And there is no need for them to give undue weight to political considerations in reaching decisions.

The burden of taxes in the United States is strangling personal initiative, the one force that has made this a great country. Foreign aid seems one of the very best places to start reducing the Nation's expenditures. We don't have to be isolationists to believe in Americans first.

U.S. Policies Fail To Stem Communist  
Advance in Latin AmericaEXTENSION OF REMARKS  
OF

HON. JOHN R. PILLION

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 8, 1963

Mr. PILLION. Mr. Speaker, recent events in a number of Latin American nations have underscored the failure of the U.S. policies and programs to effectively engage and counter the forces of international communism.

In a recent article, appearing in the Register, Father Juan M. Dorta-Duque, S.J., expresses his views on the failure of the materialistic policies of the United States to successfully stem the spread of communism in Latin America.

This article was brought to my attention by Mr. James Moran, of Buffalo, N.Y., who has unselfishly devoted so much of his time to educating the citizens of the Buffalo community on the techniques, strategies, and objectives of the Communist Parties and their millions of fellow travelers and associated sympathizers:

The article follows:

## FULL STOMACH NOT ENOUGH

Providing the means for full stomachs for the people of Latin America is not, in itself, going to save the continent from communism.

That is the opinion of Father Juan M. Dorta-Duque, S.J., in the United States to conduct a special institute on communism at St. Louis University. Father Dorta-Duque once was jailed by Fidel Castro for being "an enemy of the revolution."

The priest warned that the materialistic outlook of many Americans is having an adverse effect on Latin Americans.

"If you in this country offer Latin Americans only a better material life, you will be helping communism," he said. "If you excite the appetites for material things which you cannot give them, they will turn to communism."

He objected to some films, exported from the United States to Latin America. These films, shown in Latin America but without the deletions U.S. censors require, portray an immoral way of dress and conduct which is imitated by some Latin Americans, he said.

Middle-class people are shocked by the indecencies in the films and some compare them to exports from Russian countries—which usually portray a more moral standard of conduct, while laden with Communist propaganda, he said.

"The only way to combat communism in Latin America is on the ideological level—with ideas," he said. "If you give Latin America material goods—roads, houses, tractors—without ideas of a Christian social structure—they will be used against you."

Father Dorta-Duque said he was neither optimistic nor pessimistic about the chances of saving Latin America from the Communists.

"I'm a realist," he said. "One has to face the facts as they are. Latin America is going to have leaders, and if they are not educated in Christian principles they will be educated in Communist ones. It's a tough problem. But we have to start doing something—because in every age of men, men can change the world."

## Bad News

EXTENSION OF REMARKS  
OF

HON. J. ARTHUR YOUNGER

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 8, 1963

Mr. YOUNGER. Mr. Speaker, when the Washington Post editorially criticizes any act of the State Department, one must assume that the directive or regulation must be terrible in the extreme. The attached editorial, which speaks for itself, appeared in the Post on October



7 in regard to the State Department's efforts to control the news out of South Vietnam:

#### BAD NEWS

The U.S. Government's prompt and vigorous protest against the outrageous attack of South Vietnam police on three American newsmen should be followed up until there is satisfactory assurance that this brutal interference with the press will not be repeated.

Reporters in South Vietnam have had a hard time. They have had the unpleasant task of reporting unwelcome news. They have been criticized for it by their own Government and even by some partisans of the Diem regime in their own craft. They have been obstructed at every turn in a situation where the natural obstructions already were formidable. They have persevered in spite of it, and have managed to convey to the American public a sense of the dangerous situation in South Vietnam that the American people never would have been able to obtain from the Diem government or from their own officials.

The State Department itself, until quite recently, seemed to be obsessed with the idea that the news out of South Vietnam had to be good news. Information officials in South Vietnam, early in 1962 were warned by the State Department that news stories which criticize the Diem government could not be forbidden but that they "only increase the difficulties of the U.S. job." They were told to advise newsmen that "trifling or thoughtless criticism of the Diem government would make it difficult to maintain cooperation." And they were advised that "newsmen should not be transported on military activities of the type that are likely to result in undesirable stories." A House committee succeeded in getting these extraordinary "guidelines" rescinded only last month. They reflected an all too common frame of mind about "bad news" from South Vietnam. It is a good thing we are over this particular phase of official stupidity.

The American people need to have the truth about South Vietnam and about its Government. They are supporting a military operation there to check Communist aggression in southeast Asia. This is a matter of such importance that we may have to persevere in it despite distaste for the Diem government. Nevertheless, Americans in or out of government, are under no compulsion of duty or responsibility to conceal the defects of this incompetent, corrupt, and misguided family tyranny. Reporters, thank goodness, have been in no confusion about their duty and responsibility from the beginning. By their accurate reporting they have vindicated the best traditions of press freedom.

#### Labor Union Questions Russian Wheat Sale

#### EXTENSION OF REMARKS OF

**HON. KARL E. MUNDT**

OF SOUTH DAKOTA

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

*Tuesday, October 8, 1963*

Mr. MUNDT. Mr. President, an interesting and informative column by Victor Riesel entitled "Profit Loses to Patriotism" appeared in Friday's issue of the New York Mirror and other papers using Mr. Riesel's widely syndicated column. It merits the careful reading of Senators as well as administration leaders who appear to be toying with the

temptation to use Executive authority to process a wheat sale to Russia without permitting the Congress to consider its ramifications or its merits.

The fact that the International Longshoremen's Association is reluctant to participate in shipping supplies designed to bail out the Communist economy and to strengthen the hand of Red Russia provides additional argument in support of the efforts of Senator Dodd, of Connecticut, and other Senators to have a Senate committee consider all of the facts and factors involved and to secure congressional approval or disapproval before a major department in our American foreign policy is initiated by White House decree.

I ask unanimous consent that the Riesel column be printed in the Appendix of the RECORD.

There being no objection, the column was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

#### PROFIT LOSSES TO PATRIOTISM

(By Victor Riesel)

The decision of the President of the United States to sell American wheat to the Communist world will not be sufficient to assure the flow of the foodstuff to Iron Curtain ports. A second decision must be made by the president and other officers of the International Longshoremen's Association (ILA).

On Monday, September 30, shortly past noon, Secretary Hodges telephoned Ted Gleason, ILA president. Hodges asked the union chief, who was in his New York national headquarters, whether the longshoremen would boycott the Communist-bound cargo.

The Secretary of Commerce said he would see President Kennedy shortly. Hodges wanted to know what to tell Mr. Kennedy. Gleason replied that he alone could not set policy. If President Kennedy personally requested the longshoremen to abandon their boycott, Gleason promised to summon the union's executive board—representatives from all major ports from New England to the Gulf of Mexico.

Gleason said the longshoremen are entitled to their own views on feeding economically chaotic Russia. He hoped that none of the wheat which the longshoremen might load would find its way to Cuba. Secretary Hodges listened and replied unenthused that he would pass all this on to the President.

The longshoremen feel that they are being pressured into an abandonment of a traditional policy which they have backed up with more than pious anti-Communist words.

They believe they have lost over \$50 million in wages over the past decade by refusing to load or unload imports from the Communist world and from America to the Iron Curtain, and by boycotting any shipping company which permits one of its freighters or passenger vessels to call on Cuba.

If the ILA should decide to boycott the wheat shipments, the pressure on the union would be enormous. Already the White House has talked to national labor leaders who have influence on the waterfront. Under Secretary of State Averell Harriman has had at least one long conversation with a prominent labor representative.

But if the longshoremen do agree to load the wheat, they could not logically refuse to handle other Communist-bound cargo. How they feel about this is reflected in a telegram they dispatched on September 26 to Mr. Hodges and other Cabinet members. They said:

"ILA urgently requests that you reject any proposal to sell U.S. wheat to Russia. The membership and officials of this union are baffled as to why our Government even con-

templates providing economic aid to an ideological enemy who has vowed to bury us economically.

"The longshoremen in the United States would probably gain more money in wages than any other American working man if the United States decided to trade with Russia. Nevertheless, the longshoremen \* \* \* are not interested in any of the so-called easy money, and are going to object vigorously to loading any such cargo."

That says it.

#### Mingo County, W. Va., Named After Indian Tribe

#### EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

**HON. ROBERT C. BYRD**

OF WEST VIRGINIA

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

*Tuesday, October 8, 1963*

Mr. BYRD of West Virginia. Mr. President, Mingo County, the last county to be formed in West Virginia, was named after an Indian tribe, according to a recent article in the Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette-Mail. Originally a part of Logan County, Mingo was created in 1895, when an extension of the railroad brought an influx of trade and settlers to the southwest portion of the Mountain State.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that this article be printed in the Appendix of the RECORD.

There being no objection, the article was ordered to be printed in the Appendix of the RECORD, as follows:

#### MINGO WAS THE LAST COUNTY FORMED

On June 20, 1863, West Virginia separated from the mother State of Virginia. The new State was called West Virginia, after much discussion, and then this area was called Logan County.

Williamson, the county seat of Mingo, was incorporated in 1892 while Mingo was still a part of Logan County. In 1776, this section was part of Montgomery County, Va., but in 1824 it was changed to Logan County and remained so until 1895 when Mingo County was separated from Logan County. The bill to sever Mingo from Logan County was actually passed on June 20, 1894, but was held up until March 1895, because of some discussion, according to information received from a relative of Dr. Sidney Lawson (now deceased), of Logan, who was then a member of the legislature.

Mingo County is 423.5 square miles. When the railroad began coming through here and with coal mines opening all along Tug River, Wallace J. Williamson, whose farm was located in the area now covered by the city of Williamson, decided that what is now Mingo County should no longer be a part of Logan County. With the railroad running down Tug River and business increasing rapidly, and the barrier at Guyan Ridge almost impassable, this was a sane and practical idea.

Wells Goodykoontz came to this area about this time, and with Wallace J. Williamson, a Democrat leader and Goodykoontz, a Republican leader, and both in favor of the decision, it should have been simple, but some political trading had to be done first.

James Hughes, a Republican, was leader of the State senate at the time, and in fact leader of the whole legislature of West Virginia, so in order to have the bill passed severing Mingo County from Logan County,

W. J. Williamson, agreed to permit Hughes to name the first sheriff of the county, or at least agreed to not oppose his choice, so the bill passed and N. J. Keadle was named the first sheriff.

When all arrangements were made W. A. Lee, an engineer, surveyed the line and fixed it where it is today. By referring to a map it is easy to understand why he should take the Guyan Ridge from the Wayne County border, but you may wonder why he failed to keep the ridge to the McDowell County line. Here the peculiar topography of the territory decided the line.

Mingo County was named for the tribe of Indians of which Logan was chief.

The county seat was named for Benjamin F. Williamson, the father of Wallace, and not for Wallace himself as many people mistakenly believe.

The first school in Williamson was a log cabin, and was built in the area where the A. & P. Super Market now stands. J. P. Keyser, was the only teacher in that first school. The first commencement exercises from high school level were held in Williamson in 1910, when the school was a 3-year course. The first graduates were Miss Mary Belle Culross, a recently retired teacher, and Okey P. Keadle, now deceased, but who was an attorney at law.

The first newspaper was published by Thomas B. Garner and his wife. It was a weekly, called the Williamson Enterprise. Mingo County has had a lot of publicity during its short life, the Hatfield and McCoy feud mostly took place around Matewan, and then of course there was the mine war and the infamous Mother Jones who while she didn't live in Mingo County, sure came here and let everyone know she'd been here.

The Tug Valley Chamber of Commerce is housed in a building made out of coal mined from local mines, and honoring the business which made this once a thriving county, and now sadly enough machinery has replaced the men to the extent no one knows that to expect next.

Mingo was the last county formed in the state, and may be the smallest, but she's done her bit to contribute to the colorful history of the state.

NANCY SUE SMITH.

### Sale of Wheat to Russia

#### EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

**HON. CHARLES B. HOEVEN**

OF IOWA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 8, 1963

Mr. HOEVEN. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks in the Record, I include the following article from the National Review Bulletin of October 15, 1963:

Granted one initial premise, it all follows logically enough. When the Canadians get X million selling them their wheat, and when the Australians get Y million selling theirs, why shouldn't we Americans get in on the deal? If we don't supply it, they'll get their wheat anyway from the other producers, won't they? And we've got our mountainous surplus and our shaky dollar to add special motives to the normal—Isn't it normal?—wish of a man to find a market for his products. When Britain sends them chemical plants and Italy sends them steel pipe and West Germany sends them locomotives, what sense does it make for us to be so nice-Nellie?

Yes, it's all logical enough if we're sure, quite sure, of just one point; that Khrushchev isn't serious when he says he is going to bury us; that a free society is not threatened by a totalitarian society, based on a state-owned industry and a state monopoly of foreign trade, and committed to world revolution.

If we are wrong on that point, we are very wrong indeed. Because then this wheat that we and our friends are sending them, the machines and chemicals, tools and ships that will follow soon enough now that the door is opening—that started flowing from our friends some while ago—cannot have any other effect than to strengthen the hand of an enemy that he may the more surely slay us. What is the meaning of the current Soviet wheat shortage that their Government is so frantically striving to fill? (We may be sure, in passing, that the shortage does not extend to the vast war reserves that the Communists have always assigned an absolute priority over stomachs.) This shortage is the expression of the silent but persistent and wonderfully effective resistance of the peasants to communism. It amounts to a general strike of the peasantry, perhaps the major obstacle on the Communists' road to the completion of the revolution. They are held back from conquering the world because they cannot conquer the farmers and peasants in the regions they have already seized. We now arrive as the strikebreakers, enabling the regime to breathe more freely, to redirect into the arms-supporting industries the energies drained—as Khrushchev quite frankly admits—by "the peasant problem."

Khrushchev isn't going to have much trouble burying us if we are determined to prove Marx right when he predicted that, from the nature of capitalism and the profit motive, we will inevitably dig our own graves.

### Mutual Use Program

#### EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

**HON. WALT HORAN**

OF WASHINGTON

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, October 8, 1963

Mr. HORAN. Mr. Speaker, thanks for the privilege to include this editorial from the Waterville Empire-Press, Waterville, Wash., which deals with the use, abuse or un-use of so large an amount of our great western reserves that so badly need the mutual use purpose which has been enacted into law. These great areas need everyone's serious consideration. Even the competitive market position of our slow growth western forests is widely involved:

#### THE WILDERNESS BILL—LOCKING UP THE HIGH CASCADES

This week the Sierra Club of California is holding an exhibit of fine photographs at the Bright Moon Restaurant in East Wenatchee. The superb pictures of the high cascades area of this State and Oregon do justice to the magnificent scenery a trail ride or backpack trip reveals to the visitor.

The subtle message the exhibit carries is that this is unspoiled nature that must be preserved for posterity. It is a plea for the wilderness bill now pending in Congress that would lock up the high Cascades country to all but a select few—including members of the Sierra Club.

As the high Cascades deer hunt is about to start, all this focuses attention on the feasibility of locking up the Cascades from those who get pleasure from hiking and trail riding in this area. This writer recently

took a 3-day 45-mile trip with trail riders into this area which borders on the restricted wilderness area. What impressed us most was the fine work the U.S. Forest Service has done on the trails, providing forage for horses, building recreational facilities for backpackers and trail riders. We were impressed with the timber that needs harvesting by selective cutting. We became aware of the delicate balance between the uses of the forest for industry and recreation with at the same time preserving its natural beauty.

One fact the wilderness area zealots must keep in mind. These trails are built and maintained by the moneys paid by private enterprise for timber. Ten percent of what is derived in timber sales to Forest Service go to trail and road building and maintenance. In other words, if the Cascades is locked up and horses, tote goats eliminated, the rest of us taxpayers will have to pick up all the cost of maintaining these trails for the Sierra Club and such sportsmen organizations.

Another disadvantage of locking up the Cascades is that it will mean the loss of mature timber that should be cut by selective cutting program for industry. Then there's the danger of fire—who will build the access roads for fire crews?

The principal weakness of the wilderness bill is that it takes tax property off the rolls and passes on the costs to the rest of us for the benefit of the few. The counties lose the distribution of tax money from sale of Federal Forest Service lands. And we think these primitive and wilderness areas violate the principles of our Republic. Natural resources should be used for the benefit of all the people, not just the select few. This encroachment of our rights should be resisted by all communities and counties in the State. It should be resisted especially by the sportsmen—the fishermen and hunters among our people who derive so much pleasure from the high Cascades area.

### Show Business and Civil Rights—Non-violence in Birmingham

#### EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

**HON. JACOB K. JAVITS**

OF NEW YORK

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

Tuesday, October 8, 1963

Mr. JAVITS. Mr. President, in August a very heartening, but little-publicized event took place in Birmingham, Ala., that city of so much violence and danger for those engaged in the civil rights movement.

On August 4 the American Guild of Variety Artists, under the determined leadership of Joey Adams, its president, held a highly successful nonsegregated variety show entitled "Salute to Freedom," the proceeds of which were used to help defray expenses of the great civil rights march which took place here in Washington on August 28. The story of the show, given by a large mixed cast of performers and attended by a mixed audience of 22,000, is an inspiring testimonial to human dignity, just as was the march which it helped to support.

I ask unanimous consent that an article on the show, in the August 10 issue of the weekly Show Business, be printed in the Record at this point in my remarks.